



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

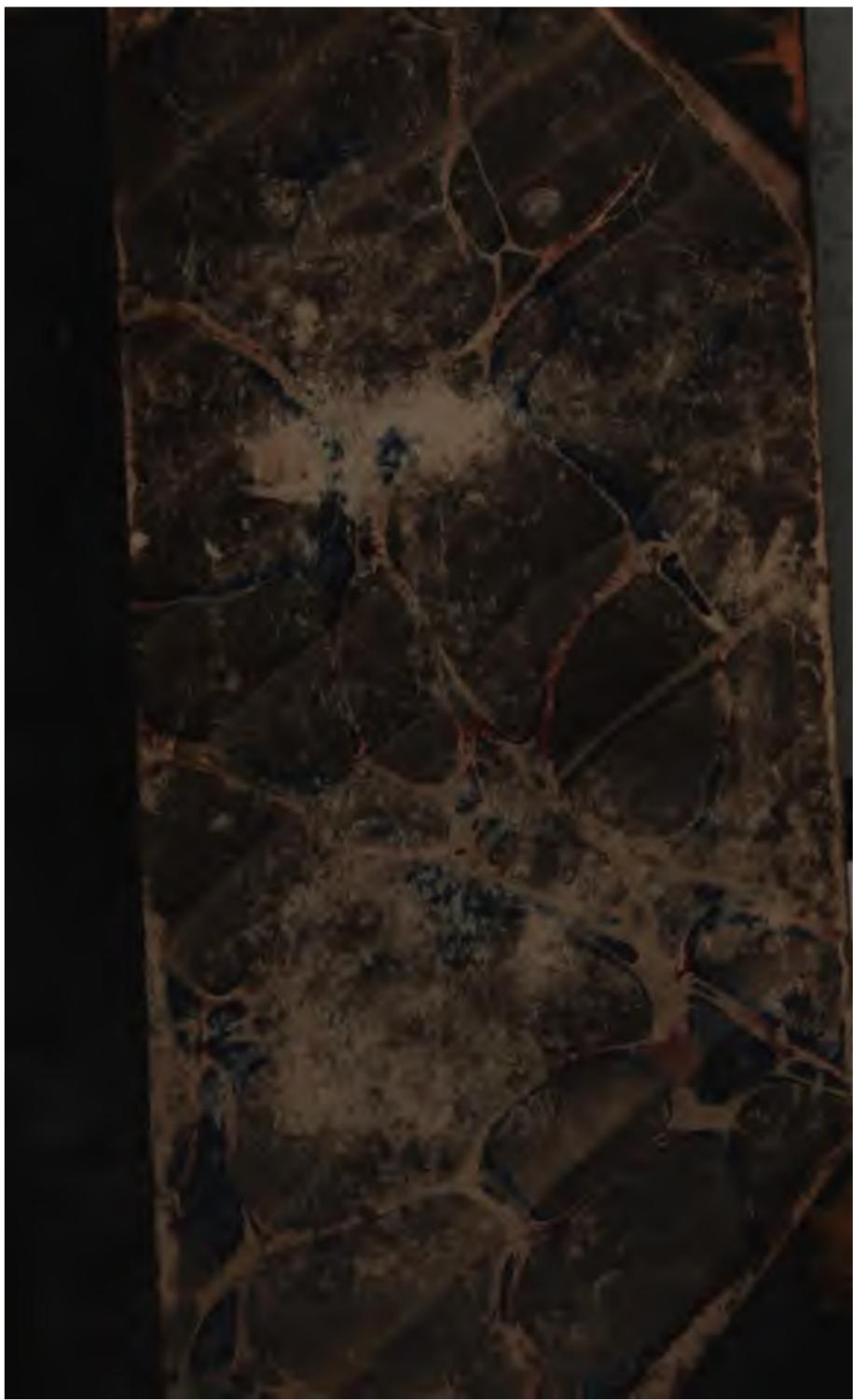
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

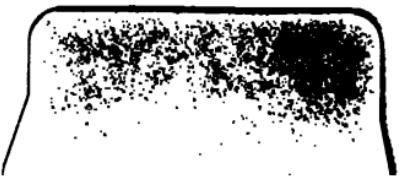
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Bt. from Mr. Brett-Smith

280 f. 2297







1

1

THE
DUBLIN MAIL;

OR,

Intercepted Correspondence.

WITH

A Packet of Poems.

~~~~~  
TO WHICH IS ADDED

**Fudge in Ireland,**

A COLLECTION OF

**LETTERS, POEMS, & LEGENDS,**

CONCERNING THE CASTLE, THE COURTS,  
THE COLLEGE, THE CORPORATION,  
AND THE COUNTRY AT LARGE.

~~~~~  
De omnibus rebus et de quibusdam aliis.

OP. THOMAS AQUINATIS.

THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON, 1824:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSTON, 98, CHEAPSIDE,
SOLD BY A. M. GRAHAM, 16, COLLEGE
GREEN, AND 35, CAPEL-STREET,
DUBLIN.



PREFACE.

THERE is something repugnant to the feelings of honor in breaking open the letters of other people ; yet, in nine cases out of ten, curiosity will equalize the balance of conscience. The following letters were found by an old gentleman in Dublin, who is well known to have possessed since his infancy an unconquerable propensity to pry into other folk's secrets ; at the same time, being quite a devotee, he is eternally suffering from the qualms of conscience which follow his curiosity. On his perceiving what he had found, he remained, as it were, hovering between the wish to plunder the enclosed secrets, and the propriety of delivering them into the owners' possession ; but,

" Like the man to double business bound,
He stood and paus'd where he should first begin,
And both neglected,"—

PREFACE:

putting the parcel carefully unopened into his pocket, and the Editor supposes they were forgotten. On his return to town, he turned his thoughts again to the packet, and decided upon a step which he supposed would unburden his conscience, and, at the same time, give a chance to his curiosity, namely, putting them into the hands of a bookseller, whom he suspected would, in all probability, publish them. After taking this step, and sermonizing a little with him upon the inviolable sanctity of honor, he concluded his interview by a few hints, such as—"Something good in them, have a good run if published, eh!—droll dogs the Irish—Court secrets—um!" &c. &c.; and, with a look of curious meaning, departed. However, the bookseller, being a little more conscientious, decided upon not breaking the seals until he had given the owners every fair chance of claiming them; for which purpose, they were repeatedly advertised.—Three only were claimed; and the remainder on being opened were found to give so ludicrous and an amusing account of the goings on in Dublin during his M——y's visit, that he had them put into verse, and they are now given to the public with little or no variation from the originals.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
A—M—y to Sir B—n B—d	9
ir B—n B—d to H—s M—y....	12
n Epistle from Dublin Jerry to London Dick	16
I—ch—ss of ——— to the ——— in Dublin	21
ord S—h to the Marquis of L—d—d—y	26
ir W—m C—s to Alderman A —s....	29
I—ch—ss of ———'s Chamber-Maid to her Sister	35
n Epistle from Mr. Deputy Bull, in Dublin, to Mrs. Bull, in London	43
Epistle from the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin to the Pope.....	49
lial O'Connor, King of Ulster and Con- naught, &c. to G—— the F——.....	52
Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, to a Student in the Middle Temple	56
helim O'Connor, (the Younger,) Esq. in Dub- lin, to his Friend Arthur O'Hara, Esq. in London	72
ady ———, in London, to the Countess of ———, in Dublin	79

CONTENTS.

	PAG
An Irishman to the Irish People	1
M—s of L—n—y to the E— of L—l	1
Marchioness of ——— to her particular Friend Lady ———	1
— O C—ll, Esq. to Sir F—s B—tt, Bart.	1

PACKET OF POEMS.

The Christening of Dunleary	1
Lines accompanying a Glass Goblet sent to the Lord Mayor of Dublin by the Dutchess of Richmond	1
The Keenan, or Farewell Irish Cry	1
An Irish Melody	1
The — to the Dutchess of R—d	1
Lines on the Reception of a certain Marquis in Ireland	1
A New Irish Melody.....	1
Darby and Teague, an Irish Eclogue.....	1
On a Recent Dismissal	1
The Dublin Mayor and the London Alderman	1
A Versification of the Irish Oration	1
Three-Handed Whist.	1

THE
DUBLIN MAIL.

LETTER I.

FROM H— M— Y TO SIR B— N B— D.

Holyhead.

MY VERY DEAR B— D,

YOUR letter I've read

Brought by S— th, who came in such haste to the
Head,

That he ran down a wherry with twenty* on board,
But thank heav'n the poor fellows have got safely
shor'd.

* The account says only *seven* men, and that the cargo
was worth £700.

When I asked him the news he appeared as half drunk ;
 "A ship," said he, "'s just struck by *Lightning*,[†]
 and sunk,"
 But I pardon'd the pun, as I knew the old fellow
 Was fond of the whisky—was merry and mellow.
 'Twas the first that e'er brightened his dullness no doubt,
 And the death of the —— brought this giggling out.

With regard to the *landing*, I've made up my mind ;
 Appearances must be consulted I find.
 But go I'm determin'd, for sweet Lady C—
 Is now three days anxiously waiting for me,
 So I'll do it by steam in the privatest way.

Mother Sid recommends me to lock myself in
At the Lodge in the Park, and then sail out again
 When the funeral's over—to land in full style,
 Thus let the crow'd see my *first* step on their Isle.
 Though poor Sid's not an Irishman, yet I don't wonder
 At this, for you know he's *au fait* at a blunder.

†. Lord S. sailed in the *Lightning* Steam Packet.

11

The day after to-morrow expect me—till then
I'll be literally dying with *ennui*, Ben.
Enclos'd is a note for my dear lady C.
Take it to her yourself, and—*don't* kiss her for me.
Now adieu, for I'm bilious, though not very ill;
I wish you were here just to hand me a pill.

LETTER II.

FROM SIR B——N B——D TO H—S
M——TY.

Stephen's Green, Dublin,

MY L—E,

Is t possible? can it be true?
Do I read the delectable letter from you?
So she's *really* dead! 'Pon my soul! 'tis such news,
That for joy I could dance out of the soles of my shoes.
I agree with your M——TY, 'tis rather awk-
ward;
Unfeeling men never in slander are backward;
And this visiting show may dispose them to speak—
Lord! I wish she had put off her death for a week!
But you see its just like her and that booby Wood,
She annoy'd you as much as she possibly could.

Why she put back the grand Coronation a year,
 Ay, and when it took place left the benches half
 bare ;—

But the worst of all is, when the “*beautiful*” thing
 Of *shewing the Irish* their *elegant* K—— ;
 When the crowds at Dunleary were deck’d out so gay,
 To behold their *great* idol tow’d into their bay ;
 When the cockades, and banners, and ribbands,
 were flying,

And the women to get but a glance at you dying ;
 When a white stone was placed to receive your right
 foot,

And to bear down to ages the size of your——boot ;
 When ropes of red silk, ay, and full *eight miles* long,
 Were to drag you, the god of uproarious throng,—
 O G—— ! only think how malicious and sly,
 Just to tease you, to take to her bed, and to die !*

Well, my L——e, as you ask’d my advice, I must say,
 That the death of such wives should’nt thwart me a
 day.

* This passage resembles that of an Hibernian melody,
 usually sung in the county Tipperary, the native place of the
 worthy writer of this letter. It runs thus :

“Arrah, Driminduh! Driminduh! why did you die!”

I have sounded my countrymen here, and can swear
 That you've nothing like hooting or hissing to fear.
 For her death they care nothing, and if you'd but
 come,
 They would all, to a man, kiss your M——TY's
 ——.*

But what am I talking of? Can't we prevent
 The news coming *here* of this lucky event?
 For as yet no one knows it, but thinks she's quite
 hale—
 Is there no way, d'ye think, of detaining the mail ?†

* Here the letter was blotted, but the Editor suspects the word left out was "hand."

+ The following extract from *The Freeman's Journal* of Thursday, August 9, may throw some light upon the above hint:—

"We have waited to the latest possible moment for the packet, but have at length been compelled to go to press without it. We understand both the Post-Office steam vessels were detained on the Howth station last night. It is not very easy to conceive how so extraordinary a proceeding as this can be justified. At no period within our recollection was the public mind wound up to so high a pitch of anxiety for intelligence from the other side of the Channel as it was yesterday; and yet this day of mingled doubt, and hope, and

Here the Post-Master's ready to do any thing
 For a knighthood—except disoblige his good K——,
 Believe me this seems a most feasible plan:
 Start from Holyhead, prithee, as fast as you can;—
 I'll have ev'ry thing ready to-morrow, and so
 We may yet have a very good chance of the *show*.

To save time, I'll send over S—— H to you
 With this letter forthwith, so, most gracious, adieu!

△

B. B.

Half-past Ten, P. M.

fearful apprehension, was the first that passed over for many months without public advices from Holyhead. The whole correspondence of the country too has been interrupted by this detention of the mails. The convenience, and perhaps the interests, of merchants, traders, and individuals, have not been more considered than the feelings of the public."

LETTER III.

AN EPISTLE FROM DUBLIN JERRY TO
LONDON DICK.

Describing the Preparations made for receiving the K—

I WRITE to you, Dick, in a frolic some style,
Just to mention the news which has made us all
smile ;

Which states, (and I hope not by way of a hoax,
Since the Irish are not at all fond of such jokes,)
That your K— has determin'd our land to survey,
Through the special advice of his friend C——H;
Who gave up to England our parliament dear,
And, by way of return, brings his M——Y here !

God help us ! 'tis long since a M——H we saw,
By his power and presence to keep us in awe.

King WILL was the last that ennobled our land,
But he came with the sword and the pistol in
hand;

Cutting up the *Romans* as butchers do mutton,
And a Protestant crown had his foreign head put
on;

The Soldiers he licens'd to plunder and kill,
Yet his glorious memory Paddy drinks still.
But the times are all chang'd, and the K— that is
coming

(If the press is not Paddy most cursedly humming)
Has no spirit for war, but the war of Dame Venus,
And in that he'll have *trouble*, I doubt not, between
us.—

From the Boyne to the Liffey, the Shannon, and Ban,
Maids, widows, and wives, long to see the great
man.

Lady D. whose meridian is gone to the dogs,
Whose weight would out-balance a couple of hogs,
Has commenc'd on her visage a youthful reform,
Quite determin'd to carry her ***** by storm.

Lady C. once a toast, ('twas in Rutland's wild day,
When impudence bore all love's blisses away,)
No longer appears like a time-batter'd hag,
But has purchas'd new teeth and a frizzled-up scrag;

Quite determin'd once more with love's powers to
sport,

And to go, if her legs will allow her, to court.

Mrs. S. had her daughters, both lovely and fair,
Pack'd off to Killblarney to breathe country air;

And appears a gay widow at sweet fifty-five,

Declaring, at last, she's no children alive.

The nurs'ry young Misses are all pouring out,

The boarding-school girls all beginning to pout;

And the chit of nine years says she's out of her teens,

Quite fit to appear in the forth-coming scenes;

In short, such expectancies never were known,

Since ERIN has reckon'd the Shamrock her own;

And Father St. Patrick, with Missal in hand,

Drove vermin and reptiles away from the land.

At the head of our treat is the great corporation,

Who, thinking to honor the pride of the nation,

Have voted, "*nem. con.*" just one ten thousand
pounds

To waste upon dinners;—but, DICKY, gad zounds!

In the doing of this they do not shew their sense,

For their coffers have not half the number of pence.

Of Costigan's malt they have laid in a store,

And of raspberry whiskey ten tuns, if not more.

He who'll eat a whole ham and three fowls for a lunch,
Faith, must needs wash them down with some gal-
lons of punch ;
And to render the K— or the beggar more frisky,
No cordial's so good as our true Irish whiskey.
In place of exalting the Cath'lic communion,
They've tipt us a harp in the midst of the Union ;
To remind us that play, sing, or dance, as we will,
We are but the vassals of Englishmen still.
From Ringsend as far as the Pigeon-House wall,
Will our ladies be notic'd, so " proper and tall ;"
Who's intention's to make an imposing beginning,
And shew the K— patterns of good Irish linen.
Some suppose that the order to wear " Irish stuff,"
Implies that the ladies must all be in *buff* ;
And, amidst such a number of backs and _____
There must be a number of queer-colour'd hides :
But a truce to conjecture, for two months will show
These truths which we all are so anxious to know.
My time is so short, and my subject so long,
If I write any more, gad, perhaps I'll go *wrong*.
This is merely to tell you how we are prepar'd
To receive the great man for whom nobody car'd,
Till we heard he intended to scatter his money
In Dublin, to render us joyous and funny.

His presence and party no doubt will do good
To all *wholesale retailers* of animal food ;
To fruiterers, grocers, and dealers in spirit,
And trades that are nameless, though not wanting
merit.

The first news that stirs I will write you again,
Provided I'm in a true musical strain ;
Therefore, DICKY, adieu, still live and be merry,
And remember your crony and friend,

DUBLIN JERRY.

LETTER IV.

FROM THE M—CH—SS OF ————— TO THE
————, IN DUBLIN.

Sl—ne C—tle.

At midnight, Love, I'll think on thee !

At midnight, Love, O think on me !

Little Tommy.

BEST BELOVED,

IT is now the dead hour of night,
And I take up my pen as I promis'd to write ;
All the Castle's at rest, nothing mars night's repose,
Save the sound of my husband's, the M—q—s's
nose.—

He is snoring behind me in bed, and, no doubt,
 His long promis'd Dukedom is dreaming about:
 By the bye, love, he'll take up this letter to you,
 And wont come back here before Sunday or so;
 Then, if *you* come to-morrow, pray don't take it ill,
 If I do all the honours myself with good will.

I have been reading Pope's Eloisa all through,
 And it kindled such heavenly fancies of you,
 That the whole of my soul has expanded to night,
 And, like my mould candle, here melting outright.
 When I think on the hours I have sat on your knee,
 And the roll and the leer of your bonny blue ee;
 On the cut of that beautiful wig which you wore,
 And the curl of those whiskers, which now are no
 more:
 When I think on your front which, despising the
 ways
 Of thin Dandies, was ready to burst through your
 stays;
 When I think on your leg that has suffered so much
 From the gout, love,—and, Oh! when I think on
 your crutch,
 I rejoice in the thought of still lending a hand
 To enable you, G——E, on the *right leg* to stand;

•

And I rail at the ties of mankind, and no wonder,
To think that such turtles should e'er be asunder.

Love, excuse me ; a letter from Dublin last night
Says you don't altogether go on very right.
Now I'm not over jealous, but, faith, I'm half crazy,
To think that you danc'd with that flirt Esther—
“easy.”

Said I to myself, “ I'll set traps for the dame,
And she'll not gain the *trick* though she plays *Cunning game.*”
Yea, you danc'd with her, G——y, and frisked with
her too ;
And when Paul's back was turn'd you played *Cut-chicutchoo.**

Well, I know you're a rogue, and forgive you for
once,
If you'll promise to leave off your favourite dance
Till you come to S——e C——tle, (which hope will
be quickly,)
For, faith, I confess I'm for dancing quite tickly.

* *Cutchicutchoo.*—A species of dancing play much practised at Dublin in 1808. It was introduced by Lady Clare, and is of a most ludicrous nature.

We shall brisk to the bagpipe our favourite tune,
And my husband, as usual, shall play the bassoon.

I have all things prepar'd—ev'ry room in the house,
Ev'ry bed—in fact, ev'ry thing's sleek as a mouse.

We have set the distillers from Cork to Roscrea
All at work to make whiskey for that gala day;
If unmix'd 'tis so strong you should wish to de-
sert it,

Into punch, my dear G——, we can quickly con-
vert it;—

For we've cut out a branch from the Boyne (that has
merit,) —

Right staunch *orange water* for *mixing the spirit.*

WHISKEY PUNCH shall by Southey be sung to the
skies,

And champaign and white brandy shall yield up the
prize;

And each loyal soul that belongs to the Boyne
Is in hopes that you'll knight it, the same as *Sir*
Loin.

Come along then, my G——y, and hasten my joys,
Come, and do like the Prince of all whack-paddy
boys.

We'll have priests, aye, and pipers, and fiddlers, ga-
lore,
And each Pat shall be drunk from the Boyne to the
Nore;*
While the shamrock shall twine round your wig-co-
ver'd head,
And we'll dance, drink, and sing, till we're carried
to bed!

C.

* A river in the south of Ireland, which unites with the Shannon.

LETTER V.

**FROM LORD S——H TO THE MARQUIS OF
L—D—D—Y.**

Dublin Castle.

COME, D——y, come ; the merry Dublin cits
No longer hate you, having lost their wits.
I think at present if the very devil
Came with the ****, they'd treat his Highness
civil.
Shake off all fear, your welcome will be hearty,
At least GRANT says so, from the Orange party ;
And I am sure the Catholics are still
Inclin'd to think you can assist their bill

Behind the curtain, with a few good words,
 When next it runs the gauntlet through the Lords:
 So, on the whole, you see you have a chance
 To lead the court and regulate the dance;—
 But bring, by all means, bring that cap and feather,
 Or splendid robe, or why not both together,
 In which you stole on Coronation day
 The cockney's hearts with one applause away?
 And let your countrymen but see you walk
 In that fine dress; and if you smile and talk
 With poor good-natur'd Pat, and call him friend,
 I have no doubt you'll gain your utmost end.

All now is strange uproar—report took wing
 This morn when C****'s came, it was the ****;
 And, hearing that our gracious Master can
 Show back and sides with any Alderman,
 It was enough for warm good-humour'd Pat
 To see the man was strange, as well as fat,
 To make him shout with joy and wild surprise
 This turtle-bloated wonder to the skies.
 But when the So*****N shows his noble face,
 And smiles and bows with that peculiar grace
 For which he's fam'd beyond all other men,
 What will become of BILLY C****s then!

So haste, my Lord, nor heed the stormy weather;
I long that we should take a jug together
Of whiskey punch, that source of all my mirth,
The only perfect nectar found on earth;
Of which, whatever folks may say or think,
Shall be through life my *first*, my *fav'rite* drink.

S*****.

B

LETTER VI.

FROM SIR W——M C——S TO ALDERMAN

A——NS.

Dublin.

O A——s, [redacted] ——s ! by G——d, (I must swear,) *This here country*, believe me, surpasses *that there*.* *Here* a man such as *I* am is sure of respect, *There* we've nothing but grins and the coldest neglect.

* The worthy B——t has here evidently plagiarised on the following epitaph ; but, as it was written by himself, it may be allowed to pass without censure :

"Here lies Billy C——s, our worthy Lord Mayor,
Who has left *this here* world, and is gone to *that there*."

Why, in London, one cannot well walk through the streets,
 But one's jostled and sneer'd at by all that one meets;
 And beset by the wasps of the *Radicals'* nest—
 Ev'n the *nose on one's face* made a matter of jest.
 O how different is Dublin! Here ev'ry eye
 Most respectfully watches to see me pass by;—
 Here whole thousands escort me with uncover'd
 pates;
 And though showering cats and dogs, keep off their hats.
 I assure you the M—— himself does not meet
 With such noisy receptions as I seem to get.
 I am never the man my own praises to sing,
 But, between you and me, many think the K—G;
 And the Irish might make a worse blunder than this,
 For the K—G's growing like me in person and phiz.
 I can give you a proof:—t'other day I went out,
 For the purpose of nothing but gaping about;
 When the mob got a wind of me, JOHNNY—*my eye!*
 How thy flung up their hats and their tongues to
 the sky!
 “It's the K—G! it's the K—G!—Shout, you rapscallions, shout!
 Oh, long life to your M——y!—Wheel him about!”

So they seiz'd me, and up on their shoulders they
hoist me,—

I resisted, though, truly, it secretly rejoic'd me,
But in vain ; for they bore me triumphantly off
For the length of a street—God, I could'nt but
laugh !

And the Lord knows how far they'd have carried me
on,

If a *little dispute* had not cut short the fun.

A keen black-looking fellow that close to me got,
And who saw what I *was*, and knew what I *was not*,
Roar'd aloud, “ Och, he is not the K—G !—Why,”
said he,

“ The K—G's nose is much shorter.” All crowded
to see.

Some denied—some insisted ;—now blows follow
blows,

On the point between mine and his M——y's nose.
'Twould have made a man dying revive with a laugh;
But the *short noses* got it—and so I got off.*

* An occurrence of a ludicrous nature took place yesterday at Ring's End. Sir W—— C——, and some other gentlemen, having walked down to the Docks to visit his yacht, were returning ; when some persons who met them informed

I have been at the grand city feast, Sir, and there,
As a matter of course, sat beside the **LORD MAYOR.**
The dinner was quite a *Guildhaller*—right well;
The ven'son was fat, and was kept to a smell;
And, for second-rate Aldermen *like*, 'pon my soul,
Their turtle was got up not bad on the whole;
It was raining champaign corks the whole of the
night,
And the scene was the centre of city delight:
But throughout the whole ev'ning the principal thing
Which attracted was *me*—not excepting the K—g.

After dinner I *speech'd*—so did Lord C——H,
In his usual long-winded and humbugging way;
Full of many fine things to flush Catholic pride,
While the cunning dog put out his tongue t'other
side;

those who followed that the worthy B——t was the K—g.
The news ran like wild fire through the increasing mob, and
they proceeded to cheer him. The gratified B——t returned
the courtesy by taking off his hat, which seemed to convince
the people he was his M——y; and they literally carried
their idol into Denail-street before they discovered their
error!—(*Freeman's Journal.*)

And gave DABLEY a wink that he well understood,
 As an order ~~NOT YET~~ to abandon the feud;
 Which the Alderman bottled, determin'd to shew
 That the K—G could do nought without Ministers too.
 Now as long as the K—G was in company, DABLEY
 Ey'd O'CONNELL with spite, as a Guelph would a
 Charley;

Or just as a quarrelling school-boy will eye,
 Mouth, and frown at another while master is by;—
 But the moment the M——H was gone up stood he,
 With his *stone-cutting* mallet and hammer'd away;
 Knocking Catholics over the head—while the others,
 In true *Irish affection*, return'd it like brothers.

Thus the union of parties was seal'd with a row,
 Thus their friendship grew warmer at every blow;
 Thus the feast of political harmony here
 Was most *happily* ended like Donnybrook fair!

But I now must conclude, and put on my new
 coat,
 And set off to the Park to a private *blow-out*:
 For the K—G's laid a singular wager with BEN,
 That I'll swallow three tureens of turtle, and then

Eat a turbot and lobsters. He further proposes,
For a bit of diversion, *to measure our noses!*
Adieu, then, for now I must off quickly run,—
For by G—d, Sir, I'm up to my middle in fun !
So, your's truly, dear A——ns, until I return ;
Having sent you this letter, I now wait for *your'n.*

W. C—.

POSTSCRIPT.

Pray bear my best wishes and commisseration
To the dear Constitutional *Ass*-sociation.

△

LETTER VII.

FROM THE M—CH—SS OF —————'s
CHAMBER-MAID TO HER SISTER.

Sl—ne C—tle.

DEAR DOLLY,

WE'RE all in the skies with delight—
We have had the *great* man at Sl—ne C—tle last
night;
And my lady, at length, had the pleasure to meet
Her *fat hopes* at her county of Meath *country-seat*.
Such a night—such a night, oh, there never was
past!
I can hardly describe it, my head reels so fast;

But I'll try, for I've now a full hour, I dare say,
 As our guest wont get up *quite so early* to-day,
 Nor the M—H—ss neither,— poor *delicate*
 thing!

No doubt she's knock'd up with *delighting* the
 K—G;

And the M—o—s—(I've just put my ear to *his*
 door)—

Slumbers on with a most reconcileable snore.

This moment I seize then to hurry a line,
 So you must not expect to read any thing fine.

In plain language I'll tell you the scenes that oc-
 curr'd,

And for truth you may truly rely on my word.

Lest my letter miscarry—(Oh, horrible case!)—

I'll enclose to the house-maid at H—lt—n P—ce;

And the M—o—s shall frank it himself, my dear
 DOLLY;

'Tis not the first time that *he frank'd his own folly.*

Well, to make a beginning:—the day he came
 down

I was dress'd in my *spick-and-span* white muslin
 gown;

For my lady commanded that none should wear
black—

(And God knows it created some back-biting
clack.)

Many said, as the whiskey was whisking about,
And the fumes of their loyalty half wearing out,
That a business like this the wide world had ne'er
seen ;

That the very same hour his unfortunate Q——^N
Was *a corpse* on the billows, and hurrying away
To the tomb of her fathers—the last of her clay ;—
That the grave was her court, and her courtiers the
dead,

A white sheet her mantle—the cold earth her
bed ;—

That *at this very hour* was he laughing along,
The idol and gaze of a stultified throng.

This is rather poetical, DOLLY, you'll say,
But you know that's the Irish folk's usual way.
And I heard them last night, when I slipped to the
inn,
With L—D C——LER——H's coachman, sweet
Paddy O'Flynn ;

Now Pat, though he whips for his L——p, can
tell

What's the worth of an oyster, and worth of its shell;
And whenever his master has once turned his back,
He can give *him* as well as his horses a smack;—
Well, with him and some others I heard what I said
Of the Q——n, and much more that's gone out of
my head:

But I know you would much rather have what I saw
'Twixt the family here and their fine fat Bashaw;
So attend.

When the carriage came first to our view,
O my stars ! what a long-winded phi'-lil-lil-loo !
The hussars were all startled, their horses took
fright,
And shilelahs thump'd heads with extatic delight.
From old Drogheda's gates to the steeple of Kells
There was nothing but loyalty's leather-lung'd yells ;
Trees hobbled with trees, and hill^e jump'd upon hills,
To behold their itinerant healer of ills,
But, between you and me, DOLLY, most people
say,
That they'd make the same row for the quack
C——ER——H;

Whose nostrums so poisonous half-kill'd them before.

And who now would persuade them to swallow down more.

Well, the M——H——ss, jumping with jollity, met

At the gate of the castle her *mobbified* pet;

While my LADY EL—Z—TH, push'd to the rear

By her mother, with jealousy eyeing the pair,

Awaited her turn, and at length had the bliss

Of dividing with her the sweet welcoming kiss.

O DOL ! had you seen how the M—CH——ss wriggle! —

When she look'd at the crape on his arm, how she giggled !

How she patted his cheek, so sea-weather'd and bluff—

Kiss'd his chin and his whiskers—no, no, they were off !

Cleopatra, the queen that we read of at school,

Never made of her Anthony half such a fool.

I declare I quite felt for the M—Q—S ; but then

He's the best-natured, kindest, and *blindest*, of men !

Now the dinner is dish'd, the white whiskey punch
smokes,
And BEN B——M——D rehearses his cut and dry
jokes,
Just to whet the K—c's appetite: hostess and host
Vied to see who would please their fat visitor most.
The old M—o—s most pressingly asked would he
choose
To be help'd to a taste of his *county Meath goose*?
While the M—ch—ss sliced him, well knowing
his choice,
A large leg of fat mutton, with fine *caper* sauce;
Which, though not quite a novelty, yet one may say
'Twas a change—being cook'd in a *new Irish way*.
And he ate of them both with "most dignified
ease,"
His illustrious countenance all over *grace*.

Now when all had baptized this delectable day
With a lib'ral libation of worthy Roscrea;
When the shouts, and the shots, and the flash, and
the din,
From without lent their joys to the joyous within;
When thus reaping the sweets of a sixty years life,
Clearly cut from his people at home and his wife,

With all fancies well fitted from woman to wig,
 He g' t up with delight, and he call'd for a jig.
 "Play 'Bob and Joan,'* piper," says he, "that's
 the thing !

D— me ! now I can feel am *truly* a — !"
 Then the M—ch—ss f—c'd him in right Irish fun,
 And the corpulent couple kept jigging till one.

Now, dear DOLLY adieu ; for my lady's bell
 rings,
 If my ears answer rightly, or else its the K—G's.
 I am order'd to wait, and let nobody come
 But myself—do you understand, DOLLY?—but
 mum !

In my next I shall send you a long list, post-free,
 Of the secrets my lady reposes in me !
 God knows she has plenty—fat frolicsome tab !
 You r's,

AGNES ELIZABETH CATHERINE BLA—

* A favourite Irish jig, beginning thus:

" Hey for Bob and Joan,
 Hey for stoney batter ;
 Keep your wife at home,
 And then," &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

O DOLLY, I just have come down from my lady,
And such curious things as I've witness'd already!—
I'll just tell you something—but there goes the bell
For the brandy—odd rot'em! Dear Dolly, fare-
well!



LETTER VIII.

AN EPISTLE FROM MR. DEPUTY BULL, IN
DUBLIN, TO MRS. BULL, IN LONDON.

WELL, darling, once more I resume with delight
My pen, just a few loving phrases to write ;
To tell you how matters are going on here,
Where transport and matchless affection appear ;
Where nothing is seen but expressions of zeal,
And loyalty follows on R*****y's heel.
Oh ! never in all the whole course of my life
Have I witness'd a man, upon losing his ——,
Assume such a *sensible rational air*,
Or so well with delight deck the features of care !

44

To-day he puts on an appearance of sorrow,
 Then all is pure sunshine and gladness to-morrow.
 He "suits ev'ry word," you may say, "to the ac-
 tion,"

And gives all the Paddies complete satisfaction :
 No man ever liv'd that could play his part better,
 As you will perceive ere I finish this letter ;
 And let malice say what the devil it please,
 His foes must allow that he's *always at ease.*

Ever since we arriv'd we have been in a sea
 Of commotion and madness, devotion and glee.
 The SPRIGS OF SHILELAB, I freely confess,
 Are the best sort of people to conquer distress :
 Though poor, they are merry, though hasty, are
 mild,
 And yield to the rod like a penitent child.
 I never beheld such attentions before
 In men so industrious, ragged, and poor ;—
 Not a touch of the Radical fever they shew,
 And loyalty seems all the passion they know.
 Let you turn where you will you perceive them en-
 gross'd
 In caressing their guest, like a liberal host ;

"They praise and extol him through mud and through mire,

And swear that they never can cease to admire;—

They own he has *graces* they ne'er saw in others,

And came from the best of all possible mothers;

That *feeling* and *innocence* smil'd at his birth,

And made him the idol of Neptune and Earth!

No language indeed can convey any notion

Of the manner in which they attest their devotion:

Green laurels, and ribbons, and banners, and music,

(Enough, in all conscience, to make me and you sick,)

Are heard and discover'd wherever you walk;—

In short, all the tradespeople's bus'ness and talk

Are concerning the ——, who smiles at their kindness,

Yet who, like myself, often pities their blindness;

But sensibly proffers them nothing to cure it,

While they are contented to grope and endure it.

Oh! never was man more secure in his life,

(Notwithstanding the mobs that have flatter'd his ****,)

Than the hero who honors this excellent land,

Where fun and good-living are always at hand;

I mean among those who have plenty of rhino,
 And keep the poor under like persons that I know.
 All parties adore him—no sects are litigious ;
 As yet, we have had no cabal that's religious.
 In fact, all religion is laid on the shelf,
*As if never notic'd by DERRY and ***** !*
 And properly too, when a man goes on pleasure,
 To kiss the young widows and wives at his leisure !

Last night, just at eight, we sat down with delight
 To a dinner, my darling, that ravish'd my sight.
 Such turtle and ven'son—such greens and potatoes—
 Such plateaux of gold, and such giants of waiters !
 O Lud ! it was truly delicious to see,
 But to none more delicious than G——— and me.
 I sat on his right—it was done from respect
 To the city he loves, and would never neglect,
 But for W**d and his party, (whom still he calle
 knaves,
 And whom he would wish to see laid in their graves,)
 Who, at last, have found out they are left in the lurch,
 And must now hang their hopes on a less R———
 perch.
 He often caress'd me by calling me JOHN,
 A name, by the bye, not in vogue with the Ton ;

But which, on escaping the lips of a ***,
 Is emphatic beyond all that SOUTHEY can sing,
 We drank wine together, as you may suppose,
 Wishing good to ourselves and ill-luck to our foes ;—
 We parley'd on matters of love and of state,
 And agreed that mankind were the victims of fate ;
 That the Q—— was ordain'd to be hooted and hiss'd,
 And ourselves to be blest with an excellent *twist* !
 Having recently mingled with people of note,
 You, perhaps, will accuse me of turning my coat ;
 Nor can I dissemble that such now the case is,
 For here I see nothing but *greatness* and *graces*.
 If his M——x swears, why he swears like a
 P——,
 Giving *mouth* to his oaths, which his wisdom evines,
 I assure you, my dear, that the great C——
Is no longer afraid to walk out in the day ;
 The Paddies appear to adore and caress him,
 As if they had reason for *mercy* to bless him ;
 Which arises, perhaps, from their not knowing well
 All those *virtues* in which he is wont to excel ;
 Or, likely enough, they don't think him the same,
 Having recently chang'd his illustrious name,
 And thrown into Lethe, delighted and merry,
 All the former renown of the *tender-soul'd* DEBRY.

But here, my dear rib, I must bid you adieu,
For the R——L PROCESSION at last is in view.*

* We trust the worthy Deputy could not intend any dis-
loyal or ironical allusion to a portion of Gay's Fable of "The
Hare and many Friends,"—

———— “ Adieu !
For see the *hounds* are just in view.”

LETTER IX.

EPISTLE FROM THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF
DUBLIN TO THE POPE.

Troy to his sovereign Lord the Pope
Sends greeting, with the humble hope
That he will not reproaches fling
On Catholics, who love their King;
But still who are in duty bound
To bend with rev'rence to the ground,
And shew their homage countless ways,
To him who keeps the blessed keys
Of heav'n's own bright celestial paddock;
Like him of yore* who mark'd the haddock;

* St. Peter.

Or, as some say in modern story,
Who held fast with his sooty thumb
That holy fish you love—John Dory,
And which you know is all a hum.
But listen to the whole account,
And measure then the full amount
Of penance which, however hard,
Will make us worthy your regard.
It pleas'd the K—G to hold a levée,
And there admit a numerous bevy
Of lords and gentlemen, to pay
Their court in turn, and go away.
However, to oblige us all,
He sent his SEC. to LORD FINGALL,
And bade him kindly intimate
That he would wear his robes of state,
And in a private chamber take
The best address that I could make.
We went—and humbly let me tell,
His M —— y received us well.
He held his hand most kindly out,
And smil'd ; while each, in turn devout,
Gave, as became a pious servant,
A kiss most orthodox and fervent;

51.

Still keeping in respectful view
Our *fix'd* allegiance, lord, to you.

But say, thou favor'd son of heav'n,
Can such transgressions be forgiv'n,
Amongst us holy Catholics,
As kissing hands of heretics?
Which nothing but th' anticipation
Of getting yet emancipation
Could tempt us then so far to push,
And do a thing for which we blush.

Forgive, we pray, the sacrilege,
And fifty priests shall barefoot go
To Rome upon a pilgrimage,
To kiss, O Lord, your holy toe.

B.

LETTER X.

FROM THE MOST ILLUSTRIOS AND PUISSANT
MONARCH, NIAL O'CONNOR,* THE TRUE AND
LINEAL INHERITOR OF THE THRONE OF IRE-
LAND, KING OF ULSTER AND CONNAUGHT,
&c. &c. &c. TO G—— THE F——H, K——
OF E——, GREETING.

Killmackluny Palace, Balinagar.

BROTHER,

WE send thee peace with right good will.
By our sole Minister TEAGUE COLLUMKILL;

* This personage now lives in the western part of Ireland, near Loughrea. He is about 80 years of age, a tall noble looking figure, and dresses in a scarlet robe, which he throws

Who bears our full commands to freely treat
 On one great matter which concerns your state.
 We have a grand-daughter, in whose black eye
 Lives royal fire—(we wish it not to die;)
 We have a grand-daughter, whose plump red cheek
 And breast can speak much more than we can speak.

across his shoulder like the Roman toga. He lives the life of a hermit, not condescending to speak to any person but his own daughter, and she is not permitted to eat at the same table with him. He has in his apartment a long list of his genealogy, in which he proves his right to the Irish throne, and has in his possession a crown, which he says the last king of Connaught wore, and which by right descended to him.—He goes to church every Sunday *in state*; that is, with a person holding up his train, a staff in his hand, and followed by his grand-daughter, who is an interesting girl, and of whom he is extremely fond. The following anecdote will strongly show the character of this extraordinary individual:—A young Irish officer, who had returned from Spain with the loss of an arm, was desirous to become acquainted with "*his Majesty*," and politely accosted him in one of his walks.—The "*Monarch*," on learning that he was an officer in the British service, resumed a sterner look, and said to him, "*Young man, you have acquitted yourself no doubt with honor and courage, but you have served the stranger! Go—farewell!*" and instantly left him.

You're now, my brother, left without an heir,
 Sound, sixty, amorous, and a widower ;
 End then our country's long unhappy strife,
 And take my *Nockmaclontha* for a wife.
 She's true Hibernian blood, and flesh, and bone—
 Last Spring she weigh'd just three and twenty stone ;
 And as you rate the value of the fair
 As butchers bullocks, by the size they are,
 You'll find her far surpass all other dames,
 The R——D——DS, E——TH——ZYS, C——
 GH——MS.

Oh ! she's the finest fattest maid alive,
 The very age you like too—*forty-five* !

Take then this offer of her mighty charms,—
 Unite the G——PHS and CONNORS in her arms ;
 Bury six hundred years of discord there,
 And give my *Nockmaclontha's* hopes an heir ;
 Whose pow'r shall keep your radicals in awe,
 And teach them how to honor regal law.

I send with COLLUMKILL for your good eye
 The last six yards of my genealogy,
 Which takes up to the flood—the other nine
 Were burnt at the battle of the Boyne ;

Which, had you seen, you could have traced me on
To HEBER FION, IR, and HEREMON.*

But one word more—and, Oh ! mark what I say—
A marriage with *my line's* the only way
All jarring parties to one point to bring,
And make a *proper Anglo-Irish King.*

△

NIAL O'CONNOR, *Rex.*

* Three brothers, Scythians, who first found Ireland.

LETTER XI.

FROM A SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE TO
STUDENT IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

*Containing the Address of the Vice Chancellor
Trinity College, Dublin, to the K—.*

Οτ ἔγω πίω τόν οἰον
Τὸτε μεν ητορ̄ ιαυθέν
Αιγαινεῖν αεχεται μεσας.

ANAK.

DEAR BOB,

Like old Anacreon,
That jolly topping dog,
I always write much better
When I take my grog.

Then here goer, for I've taken one,
 Or two, or three, or four;
 And drunk our jolly Irish K—g,
 Till I could drink no more.

With us to day he din'd—that is,
 With all the wigged elves;
 For we *poor scholars* progg'd upon
 Short commons by ourselves.

Yet, Bob, we had our part; and so
 We did it well and frisky:
 For ev'ry glass of wine they drank,
 We drank a glass of whiskey.

Which, tho' not good as wine, is very
 Far before *October* ;*
 For if we'd drunk of that all night,
 I'd still be *beastly sober*.

* “October” is a term given to a tolerable kind of beer brewed for the use of the students of Trinity College, on which they regale themselves at night when they have nothing stronger.

Of course, you know old JACKY B——R——T,
 Hat and wig also ;
 The snuff upon his chin and cravat,
 Cuff and breeches too.

He's four feet and a *little bit*,
 His head as pumpkin big ;
 And in the height most folks allow
 Eight inches for his wig.

Such was the man all fix'd upon
 The M——H to address :
 Oh ! would that thou wert bigger, JACK,
 Or that thy wig were less !

For such a queer Vice Chancellor
 Before a R——l eye
 Ne'er stood in this or any other
 University !

But what he wanted in his height
 He made up well in knowledge ;
 For all that know him know his head
 Is in itself a college.

The man of all for weighty lore,—

In nothing is he *caret* ;

The learned Dom'nie Sampson was

A fool to JACKY B—RR—T.

When Babel was confusion all,

Had he been there, Oh, then

He might have been th' interpreter,

And set all right again.

The Syriac, Chaldee, Hebrew, Greek,

The Coptic and Teutonic ;

Chinese, Arabic, Welsh, Basquentian,

Irish, and Sclavonic,—

Were glowing 'neath his pond'rous wig,

One brilliant constellation ;

Bat, Oh ! that wig—that cloud shut out,

All eyes from observation !

Except perchance a side-long shift

Let forth a ray—Oh, then

All men admir'd the wond'rous man,

But damn'd the wig again,

Astronomy, philosophy,
The boundless mathematics ;
With all the *hydros*, *ays*, and *phys*,
***Ologies* and *aties*,—**

Were cramm'd in crowds within his head,
And left no spot where those
Dull things call'd common sense and manners
E'en could cram their nose.

His knowledge shall extinguish yet
The city's giddy blaze ;
A hydrocanisterium
To man's accustom'd ways !

Who was so learn'd—who so fit
T' address a learned K—e ?
Oh ! none but thou—wig, snuff, and science—
JACK, the very thing !

The day of glorious days arrives,
Spreads wide the bustling hum ;
B—RR—T is ready—hark ! behold !—
The mighty M——H's come ;

61

The library with fellows fill'd
Receives the R——l guest ;
And now the short Vice Chancellor
Steps forth from all the rest.

His gait is grave—his look profound ;
The M——H turns aside
As if to sneeze—but, Oh ! it was
A titt'ring laugh to hide.

This soon pass'd off, and J——K commenc'd
His fine address to speak ;
Some thought it would have been in Latin,
Others thought in Greek..

However, as the worthy speaker
Spoke it, so I send it ;
And, for the sake of B——RR——T, Bob
I hope you'll comprehend it.

The Speech.

All hail! great M——H!—Αγαξεν αυδρων
 Transplanted here, a mighty Δευδρον.
 We hail thee as the tree of knowledge,
 Now taking root within our College.
 Thy shade has overspread us quite,
 And would have left us all in night,
 But that—Oh! resplendent K—e,
 Within your shade a light you bring.

Your M——y's deep read in Greek,
 And knowest well each crooked creek
 In every ancient commentator,
 Original, and eke translator;
 Knows ev'ry German patronimic,
 Which vilely doth the Latin mimic:
 From Hogëveen to Lubin Log,
 And the Dutch robbers, all in "ogg."^{*}

* The following lines are generally imputed to the author of "Baron Munchausen;" and how that opinion could re-

So you can judge, O K—g divine !
 The lore that's in this wig of mine,
 And now this bound Anacreon see,
 Which I present your M——y,
 Enrich'd by me with annotations,
 And many learned commendations.
 I've chang'd (as far as I can tell)
 The form of every syllable :
 And now may say—O K—g of men !
 Anacreon's himself again !
 Another proof of loyalty,
 This curious Sannscrit grammar I
 Present with all complaisancy }

main so long uncontradicted is inexplicable. The Editor is happy to have this opportunity of stating, that they are the composition of Mr. B—RR—T, originally belonging to a prize poem. They were set to music by the present Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and sung at the dinners given to his M——y by the whole company, to the great delight of the M——H, who is an excellent judge of such compositions &

" Ye owls and crickets, Gog Magogg,
 And giants chiming Antrofogg,
 Come join blithe chorals all in ogg,
 Carologg, Basilogg, fogg, and bogg ! "

Read it, and thou shalt find I've pens'd
 A grammar God himself can't mend;
 By means of which your M——y,
 And all of small capacity,
 May gain the language all at once,
 E'en if you were the first-rate dunce.
 Now to conclude this my oration,
 I'll give you, Sire, a dissertation
 On all my own immense perfections,
 Divided into several sections.

First, then, I am completely pat in
 All tongues from Adam's down to Latin,
 Polish'd (as one may say) *ad unguem*,
 My L——e; but, to avoid the *longum*,
 I'll say I know of ev'ry classic
 Enough to make the greatest ass sick.
 I'm deeply read in Theophrastes,
 And that abstruse old rogue Erastus;
 Know ev'ry turn of Epictetus,
 Who to the gods doth elevate us;
 And Arrian and Suetonius,
 Secundus eke, and Bonefonius:
 I've counted all, or very nigh 'em,
 The flies Domitian kill'd *per diem*;

Can tell exactly *cent. per cent.*
Th' amount of Crassus' yearly rent ;—
Can calculate without mistake
How many pounds of human steak,
E'en to an ounce, as I'm a sinner,
Old Polyphemus ate for dinner ;—
How may years Ogyges reign'd,
And quantity of wine contain'd
In all the casks Acestes sent
To serve the Trojan regiment :
I've mark'd throughout antiquity
Each virtue from iniquity ;
There's none who knows so well as I do,
The hour Eneas met with Dido ;
How often am'ross Jove got drunk,
And slyly went to visit punk
Down in the sweet Idalian vales ;
How oft Briarius par'd his nails,
And Argus wash'd his hundred peepers,—
How long have slept the seven sleepers !
But, Lord ! at Hebrew I'm your man,
From Bas-sheba e'en unto Dan ;
I'm up to the original text,
So long by commentators vex'd ;

With the tough Rabbies I can grapple,
 And know the very sort of apple
 That Adam munch'd, (a luckless ration,)
 Which brought upon us all damnation !
 I've learnt the form of Noak's ark,
 That co-deluvian wooden park,
 Which held all kinds of beasts and birds ;
 (Lord ! how it must have * * * !)
 How beasts walk'd in o' their own accord,
 Because *commanded* by the Lord !
 How birds were caught by worms and snails
 On shaking salt upon their tails ;—
 I know as clear as Hiccus Doctius
 How Sampson caught so many foxes ;
 How he contriv'd to make them friends,
 And then to fire their latter ends,—
 ('Twas done by means of an oration,
 Address'd unto the savoury nation ;)—
 I also know king David's doings,
 His plots, and pranks, and wicked wooings ;
 How ill he play'd his regal part,
 Though one made “after God's own heart !”
 But my crack-point's the mathematics.—
 I'm full *chin-deep* in hydrostatics ;—

The devil can't match me as logician,
 Rhetorician or metaphysician ;—
 I've added much to geometry
 And spherical trigonometry ;
 I've travell'd o'er the Zodiac
 Upon a telescopic hack ;
 In ev'ry sign assuredly
 I've made a new discovery :—
 A star of magnitude, most full,
 I met 'twixt th' horns of the Bull ;
 In *Leo*, finding nothing urging,
 I paus'd, then pass'd into *the Virgin* :—
 But very shortly came out thence,
 And into *Pisces* made a bounce ;
 Now, 'mongst those fishes of the sky,
 None was so *odd a fish as I!*

In short, great Sire, I this will say,
 Of which I'll any wager lay,
 That ev'ry point of human knowledge
 I know as well's I do this College ;
 Where I have stuck like bird-lime, Sir,
 From *Freshman* up to *Chancellor*.

For all my merits no reward
 I ask but one ; and 'twould be hard
 To be refus'd.—Oh, Sir, delight me ;—
 I pray your M——y to knight me ;
 That all may hail me in my garret
 VICE-CHANC'LLOR SIR JOANNES B——T

The learned speaker, bowing low,
 Thus ended his oration ;
 While ev'ry eye was fix'd upon
 This wonder of creation.

Oh, had there been a sword within
 The reach of our good K——e,—
 A dagger, or a carving knife,
 Or any pointed thing,—

So much he pleased the R——l ear,
 That, sure as I'm a sinner,
 He would have been (delightful thought !)
 A knight before his dinner.

But as no *knighting* implement
 Was in the M-----H's reach,
JACKY must wait until he makes
 Another R----l speech.

Wigg'd fellows now surround the K---g,
 In decency's defiance;
 All anxious for the task to shew
 The literary *lions*.

A hundred fingers point at once
 To guide the R----l eye.
 Thro' all the nooks, and holes, and corners,
 Of antiquity.

One shew'd a broken spur—another
 Shew'd a rusty nail;
 This shew'd a curious *college rat*,
 And that a *fox's tail*!

And, 'twixt the showing and the speeching,
 It would have been as well,
 If, just by way of change, the K---g
 Had heard the *dinner bell*.

However, this was wisely said
 For full two hours or more;
 Until they had exhausted all
 Their literary store.

And then, of course, they went to dine, —
 Oh, such a sable set
 At festive board with jolly M——H
 Never, never met.

Slow mov'd the glass, but slower mov'd
 The learned conversation;
 All wish'd to shew their guest the weight
 Of College education.

And so they did, the K—G declares,
 (Who's not without discerning,)
 For never did he get before
 So great a dose of learning.

And, lest it should affect his brain,
 As too much learning may,
 He got up soberly *at nine*,
 And *wisely* went away.

Dear Bob, you see of what I know
 I've told you ev'ry thing ;
 Now what d'ye think of how these *fellow*s
 Entertain'd the K—g ?

I swear if he had din'd with us
*Poor scholars,** we'd have given
 Less learning—but, by George, he would'n't
 Have gone before *eleven*.

Well, Bob, I must lay down my pen,
 The whiskey's in my noddle;
 So, fare you well, my worthy—hiccup !
 Off to bed I'll toddle.

DANIEL DOLICHOS. T. C. D.

△

* The scholars of the house were not permitted to dine with the *fellow*s of Trinity College on the day his M——y honored the university with his presence.

LETTER XII.

FROM PHELIM O'CONNOR, (THE YOUNGER,) ESQ.*
IN DUBLIN, TO HIS FRIEND ARTHUR
O'HARA, ESQ. IN LONDON.

From this much-injur'd and degraded land,
Where shame has now impress'd her deepest brand ;
Whence patriot souls and patriot zeal have fled,
Nor lest one feeling heart nor thinking head ;—

* This gentleman has already made a conspicuous figure in the memoirs of the Fudge Family in Paris, as detailed by their lively poetical biographer. That he should not have long remained domesticated with persons whose principles

Where crouching sycophants and fawning tongues
 Hail the vile authors of our matchless wrongs,
 With all-th' apostate warmth, by heav'n design'd
 To raise the scoff and wonder of mankind !
 I fain, in these few lines, in anguish penn'd,
 Would my sad thoughts unbosom to my friend,—
 To one whose honor still is free from stains,
 Whose Irish blood flows pure through all his veins ;
 Free from the taint that now pollutes our race,
 And makes that name once glorious a disgrace !

Oh ! say, my friend, where shall I seek to hide
 This downfall of my patriot hopes and pride !
 With many a bnrning blush, and many a tear,
 That native land to me so fondly dear,
 Amidst the map of nations, I must see
 Self-doom'd to abject lowest infamy !
 While on its records is condemn'd to dwell
 A blot of shame, foul and indelible !

and habits were so little congenial with his own, cannot excite much surprise. It has, however, been whispered, that the immediate cause of his removal was the susceptibility and obvious partiality of Miss Biddy Fudge, who found in the young Irishman attractions that more than compensated, in her eye, the numerous sins and errors of his political creed.

Oh, ERIN ! once the gallant and the brave—
 What hope remains thy blasted fame to save !
 Where now is fled thy children's vaunted worth,
 And haughty station 'mid the sons of earth !
 Must I, whose proudest boast had been full long
 From thee to claim my birth, to tune my song,—
 Who, 'mid each varied scene of care and grief,
 In love for thee have sought a sure relief ;
 Who, in thy tales of blood, have inly moan'd
 O'er inj'ries unprovok'd and unaton'd :
 And, as the throb of indignation rose,
 Have wept in tears of fire thy countless woes ;—
 Must I now shrink from that o'erwhelming shame,
 Defiling thy once pure unsullied name ?
 Must I in lonely sorrow strive to shun
 The now disgraceful birthright of thy son ?
 What evil genius still thy fate pursues !
 What demon in thy sons could thus infuse
 The wish to lose, each other good bereft,
 Fair fame, thy sole remaining treasure left,
 And thus to bind disgrace around their brows ?
 For empty promises, for faithless vows,
 “ False as a dicer's oath,” and vain as air,
 Each better hope and feeling to forswear ;
 To lull to rest each sense of insult past,—
 To still leave vengeance her unbroken fast ;

And, with a dastard homage, crouching low,
 To lick each tyrant hand that dealt the blow !
Worship the heart whose *faithless* friendship gave
 Thy S*****N to mis'ry and the grave !*
 Who with neglect and insult could reward
 The brilliant talents of thy matchless bard,
 Whose glowing strain to time's remotest day
 Shall consecrate thy music and thy lay !
 Yes ! thou could'st hail the man, who, unallied
 To those great names, thy glory and thy pride,
 Has, with a fost'ring care and kindness, nurs'd
 The vilest of thy offspring and the worst !—
 The odious renegade, who basely sold
 His country's freedom and her hopes for gold !—
 The tort'rer of his murder'd countrymen !
 Now foremost figure in the R——l train !
 Could cheer the wretch who, in each varying scene,
 To Erin's following fiend has ever been !—
 When thirst of vengeance should have fill'd each
 breast,
 To think of those deep inj'ries unredress'd,—

* On this subject we beg to refer the reader to the admirable stanzas on the death of S*****N, annexed to the Fudge Family.

When curses "loud and deep," from thousand
tongues,

Should fall upon the author of their wrongs—
With welcome shouts they hail'd their source of evil,
As Indian savages adore the devil !

When Priam in Achilles' presence knelt,
The pang his aged breast most keenly felt
Was, as he kiss'd the iron hand, imbrued
All freshly in his hapless offspring's blood ;
Not all his peril could his lips restrain
Of this last deepest horror to complain.
But ERIN's sons can revel in the deed
Which made the aged monarch inly bleed ;
And, with a joyous welcome, greet the day
That to her shores conveys a —— !

There was a time when Irish breasts beat high
With all the soul of love and gallantry ;
When they, as woman's special champions, felt,
Would 'venge her wrongs, and o'er her sufferings
melt :

That feeling too has pass'd !—Our days have seen
Those sorrows of a deeply-injur'd Q——,
Which drew the tear from ev'ry English eye,
In Irish bosoms wake no sympathy !

Have seen them wreath the joyous festive wreath,
 In bitter mock'ry o'er her hapless death !
 And, while the waves bore her unburied corpse,
 Revel and banquet, void of all remorse ;
 To public spectacles untouch'd repair,
 Nor even woe's exterior deign to wear !

Go, then, unworthy natives of an isle,
 Which, though unblest by freedom's genial smile,—
 Though bow'd beneath oppression's iron rod,
 Had still been mark'd for honor's proud abode ;
 Confess'd by e'en her most determined foes,
 Great in her suff'rings—glorious in her woes !—
 Go sacrifice your hopes of brighter days,
 Your manly spirit and your well-earn'd praise—
 What in your self-debasement now remains ?
 Scorn'd and despis'd, to hug your willing chains ;
 With folly blind and credulous, to hear
 Those juggling fiends of pow'r, who to the ear
 Will keep the hollow promises they make,
 But to the baffled hope too surely break !
 To wake from the intoxicating dream,
 And find how futile each projected scheme ;
 To see your pride unpitied fade away,
 To public scorn and conscious shame a prey :

While the few worthies of your blemish'd race,
Who stand aloof from all your foul disgrace,
Henceforth with indignation shall disclaim
All kindred with your now degraded name !
In solitude shall shed the bitter tear,
Their once-lov'd country's tale of shame to hear ;
Shall her lost state with fruitless grief deplore,
Fallen, like Lucifer, to rise no more !

LETTER XIII.

FROM LADY ——, IN LONDON, TO THE
COUNTESS OF ——, IN DUBLIN.

Ten thousand thanks for your very kind letter,
Which to my mind is as good, if not better
Than any account "Lady Morgan" has given,
Or any cross blue-stocking hag under heaven.
Your sweetly romantic description is not
In the slightest, believe me, inferior to "Scott;"
And if my stingy lord would afford me the cash,
I've a heart that could join in your Dublin dash;—
But, hang it, he'd rather go moping to "Boodle's,"
And squander at whist with a set of old noodles;
Or drink with the odious old "Whigs" down at
"White's,"
And leave me to long for his death for whole nights.

It p'leas'd me, however, beyond all conception
 To read your account of the roaring reception
 His M——y met with, which makes me adore
 Ev'ry thing that belongs to the Paddy's green shore.
 I know their good-natur'd extravagant feeling,
 And from you, dear Countess, there's no use con-
 cealing—

The first man that stole your friend's guiltless
 heart
 Came from Ireland too, and I think from the part
 Where the C—NN—GH—s live; for he told me a
 deal
 Of her Ladyship's tricks — but thereby hangs a tale,
 Which in some other letter on some future day
 I'll tell you when we've nothing better to say.

The only thing talk'd of to keep off the vapours
 Is the *death* of the Q——n, which you see by the
 papers

Kept town just *alive* for twelve hours or so,
 While her friends the *low* people fought hard for
 their show.

And is it not now, my dear Countess, a bore,
 That our dashing young friend of the Guards, Mr.

G——e,

Should be question'd so close on the cause of that
riot,

For taking the best means to make the folks quiet ?

Notwithstanding, I think 'twas an ill-manag'd job,

To send such a delicate man in a mob,

Where brick-bats and stones flew around thick as
hail,

Enough in all conscience to make him look pale.

And then because one or two men lost their lives,

The insolent knaves prate of children and wives,

And feelings, affections, and such sort of stuff,

That if said of a Countess would sound well enough,

But on those refin'd topics to make such a rout,

Which, of course, common people know nothing
about !—

Lord B——t can't sleep, and Old Hob's in a
fury,

To think a vile inquest—a mere petty jury,

Should take up whole weeks to examine a case

As plain as the nose on the Coroner's face !

Thus it stands :—if the men of the guards, in a
fright,

Took to shooting mechanics—no doubt they were
right:

For who with a pistol or sword in his hand,
 To be groan'd, hiss'd, and hooted, can quietly
 stand ?

Besides, when we speak of a soldier of merit,
 There's much to forgive on the score of high spirit.
 Having settled that point,—you have heard I dare
 say

How the people determin'd to have their own way ;
 And defeated the guards with Sir BOBADIL BAKER,
 And a horde of his men, and a fat undertaker ;—
 And still, notwithstanding Lord L——R——L's
 pains

To send the procession through bye-roads and lanes,
 The mob gain'd their point, and, Oh ! what a pity !
 They bore off in triumph the hearse through the city !
 Now if I were the K——G, just observe what I'd do :
 I'd behead all the heads of this radical crew ;
 As for W——N, and HOB——E, and B——B, and
 H——E,

I'd hang up at Tyburn ;—how dare they presume !
 One would think that the impudent fellows were
 craz'd,
 To prevent a K——G burying his w——e as he pleas'd !

LETTER XV.

FROM AN IRISHMAN TO THE IRISH PEOPLE.

(*Sent from London under cover to the Freeman's Journal.*)

O Cives ! Cives !

My thoughtless reckless countrymen, attend
A moment to a brother and a friend,
Who loves the blossoms of his native stem,
But hates the weeds that twine along with them.

The fever of your brains at length is gone—
The madd'ning hour—and you are now alone;
Your cities, harbours, fields, and valleys, lie
Once more in sleep, deep, sad, and silently.
When shall they wake again ? Alas ! the throng
That reel'd in brightest pageantry along ;

The rapid wheels, with steeds trapp'd out in gold,
 That o'er your mould'ring streets a moment roll'd;
 The plumes, the coronets, the stars, whose rays
 Brought flashing back bright thoughts of other days;
 Rank, riches, splendor, and their busy train,
 All pass'd away, and Erin sleeps again !
 Gone like the light which blind men, dreaming, see,
 Leaving more dark, more sad reality !

And have you, in that transient madd'ning ray,
 Hugg'd your destroyer—knelt to ————— !
 The ————— of the North, whose baneful scent
 Has track'd your kindred o'er the wastes they went;
 The hapless hunted victims fiercely tore,
 Grinn'd o'er his prey, and fatten'd on their gore !
 Can you forget the lash, the fire, the steel ?
 Can hearts of feeling e'er forget to feel ?
 Have golden hours return'd to bless your shore ?
 Are widows' sighs and orphans' tears no more ?
 Are lakes of patriot blood so light that they
 Can vanish in the sunshine of a day ?

Locks are not white upon those temples yet,
 So oft with reeking drops of anguish wet;—

Scars are not clos'd the bloody lash hath given—
Those hearts still beat whose fibres have been riven;
The eyes can see that saw their homes in flames—
Ears hear that heard the scorching infants' screams;
The tongues that o'er these horrors have bewail'd
 Still speak—have they the dam-ned doer hail'd?
Yes, yes! the sounds awake the martyr'd dead,—
 Freedom is dumb, and shrieks **FITZGERALD'S**
 shade!

O fallen patriots! was't for this ye fell?
Are tyrant's eulogies your fun'r'al knell?
Are these the men ye lov'd—for whom ye fir'd
 The torch of freedom?—has it thus expir'd?
Are these the men upon whose manhood ye
 Fix'd all your hopes—your country's destiny?
SEMMET! now I feel thou'rt flown,
 And left none like thee—light for ever gone!
BLiberty!
 That rose on **ERIN**, blaz'd, and—pass'd away!

LETTER XVI.

FROM THE M——S OF L——N——Y TO
THE E—— OF L——L.

MY LORD, a more than ordinary dread
Seiz'd me when your despatches I had read ;
I found, however, upon due reflection,
My confidence restor'd in full perfection ;
And none, you know, enjoys a greater share
Of faith and resolution in despair.
How strong soe'er the Radicals may be,
Or loud in their contempt of you and me,
Not to regard their wishes with a *sneer*,
Would certainly in us be proof of *fear*,

An awkward feeling we should never shew,
At least to such a despicable foe.
The People—where the devil did they gain
The notion of *their* privilege to *reign*?
The People—none but Radicals and fools
Would think of yielding to their senseless rules ;
And this same *People* it should be our plan
To keep as much subjected as we can !
This is my notion of true government,
To which I think you'll readily assent.

Your own inflexibility is known
As *matchless*, and no less so is my own ;
And how that lukewarm B——R could disgrace
Himself—his friends—his patrons—and his place, }
By yielding to a miserable race
Of noisy Radicals is quite astonishing ;
Indeed he merits our severe admonishing :
For, if our consequence is set at nought
By men who never reason as they ought,
By *men*, by *blackguards* I should rather say,
'Tis vain alike to legislate and pray.
We shortly shall have nothing that is mental,
And not a Bishop will be *fundamental*.

We, therefore, on the meeting of the S———,
Must shew a prompt and positive expression
Of our dislike to measures such as B——R's.
And blame, of course, the R——l undertakers;
For otherwise, these Radicals will grin,
And triumph in our weakness, and their sin;
Men *without weapons* rushing on a mob
May think it rather a precarious job,
But when the implements for prompt submission
Are in their hands, how diff'rent their condition!
And B——R, since his friends the means possess'd
To send each scoundrel to his lasting rest,
Should certainly have us'd them like a hero,
Which was the practice in the time of NERO.
Had he but done his duty as he ought,
Ferbearance would have been an *after-thought*,
And not have taken precedence of that
Which should have laid his adversaries flat:
He ought, for instance, to have work'd away,
The moment they objected to obey;
First taking care to treat them with the Act,—
All then would have been *legal* and *exact*:
He then would quickly have destroy'd their capers,
And all the chucklings of their “low-liv'd” Papers!

If he imagin'd that his noisy foes
 Would foll the soldiers, and defy their blows,
 He should have brought from Woolwich, d'ye see,
 A dozen pieces of artillery :—
 But to submit to Radicals—to be
 The jest of WOOLER, and such things as he—
 Is shocking, is preposterous, is alarming,
 And shows the great necessity for arming,
 Or rather not diminishing the MIGHT
 Which yet must firmly guarantee our right.

And now, my friend, let me recount the pleasure
 Which we experience here beyond all measure.
 Nothing on earth can equal the delight
 With which the people, morning, noon, and night,
 Receive us and our FRIEND, *th' illustrious Man*,
 Whose air and affability they scan
 With such emotions as bespeak their L——y,
 And shew them friends to order and to R——y.
 When first I meditated this excursion,
 I look'd for pleasure, kindness, and diversion;
 But hope, however sanguine, could not dream
 Of half the friendship, transport, and esteem,
 With which all classes welcome and receive us ;—
 In fact, I fear you scarcely will believe us

When we enumerate (though M***RE may quiz it)
The scenes connected with our R——l visit.
As to myself, I walk the streets with ease,
And those who hated once appear to please
Themselves with notions that I yet shall be
Their guardian angel through futurity.
I hear no more of *Nine-tails* and of *gags*,
From boors envelop'd in their worthless rags :
No more *Triangle* falls upon mine ear,
And D—— with complacency I hear,
Because its former meaning has been undone,
And now is blended with illustrious L——.

When I return there will be much to do
'Twixt VAN and SID, L—— E——N, me, and you.
I mean to have friend C——R pen a manual
For Irishmen, and make *this visit* annual;
For I perceive 'tis useful to our cause,
And strengthens both our places and the laws.
But for the present I must take my leave,
Having some weighty matters to achieve
For C——M, whose lady often touches
Upon the pride and glory of a D—— ;
Which honor I have promis'd to obtain,
For reasons I shall cheerfully explain.

LETTER XVII.

**FROM THE MARCHIONESS OF ——————
TO HER PARTICULAR FRIEND, LADY —.**

**MORE pleasant than ever my time flies away,
For nothing but harmony graces the day,
And nothing but love and the warmest delight
Enflame my soft soul with my darling at night.**

**When awake HE transports me with stories divine,
Suited only to ears such as H——D's and mine;
Talks of Ovid and Suckling, as much as of yore,
But the devil a word does he say about M——.**

He vows he adores what is plump, sleek and tall,
 And can't bear your "short dumpy women" at all;
 That the greater display they can make in the chest,
 The better his head can be pillow'd to rest.

He's as fond as a boy in his very first love,
 And he finds me as easy as any old glove ;
 He does what he pleases, and time has long shewn
 That his *fashions* and *fancies* are truly his own.

As for her, *the poor woman*, who teaz'd him so long
 BEN sang her *funereal riles* in a song ;
 In a song to the tune (good enough for a ——)
 Of "a Sprig of Shelelah, and Shamrock so green;"

Which we choruss'd of course, being glad she was off
 No more at our innocent pastimes to scoff ;
 And, as Heav'n we mean for ourselves, you mus
 know,
 We wish'd her safe down to the *regions below* !

'Tis needful at seasons with us, as with others,
 To weep at the deaths of our fathers and mothets,
 But grief is with us nothing more than a farce,
 For to mourn in *sincerity* proves one an ass.

So we never once gave the *old Lady* a thought,
 But sported and giggled, and toy'd as we ought;
 And as for MY MASTER, he madden'd with bliss,
 And gave me for once—a *Legitimate Kiss!*

And faith ever since he has been quite a ——,
 Seizing ev'ry enjoyment his CIRCE could bring,
 Always merry and funny, uproarious, and frisky,
 And mugging himself with our care-killing whiskey.

No gentleman ever was more at his ease,
 Or had more advisers to serve him and please,
 And Paddy, altho' a most comical elf,
 Is in just as high spirits as G——y himself.

'Twas a sensible scheme of my Lord C——,
 To cause this Hibernian pomp and display,
 For it makes all the Radicals slink to their holes,
 And gives us besides *seven millions of souls!*

If these will not strengthen and make us secure,
 I know not what force will our greatness ensure,
 But while Paddy remains what he is just at present,
 Our lives will be truly ambrosial and pleasant.

In my next I shall tell you—all this *entre nous*—
What the *Marquis* intends very shortly to do,
For you know e'en his foes are compell'd to confess
He's a master of arts in the school of finesse.

You know very well I've an eye to a C——,*
A little more splendid, of course, than my own,
And of this I have given a hint rather strong,
In the hope of attaining the honor ere long !

So at present adieu—make my love to all friends,
And tell them this visit has answer'd its ends ;
That C—— means ev'ry year to repeat it,
If V&N and his budget can manage to meet it !

* A D——l coronet.

LETTER XVIII.

FROM —— O'C——LL, ESQ. TO SIR F——S
B——TT, BART.

Dublin.

DEAR FRANK,

WHILE you're trying, all ways that you can,
To forward in London the Catholic plan,
To rail at posts, pensions, place hunters, and pelf,
And to serve the great cause by *first serving yourself,*

Being *briefless* at present, though seldom I'm *brief,*
I take up the pen to unbosom my grief.

O'C——LL! O'C——LL! too well was that O
Prefix'd to thy name, for it signifies *woe.*

Woe, woe to the land of O'C——LL, when he
 Shall wear a foolscap, and look silly like me.
Bad luck to the cap, and the hist'ry about it !
 I wish I had tried to have got on without it.
 But in case you know nothing of this my strange
 story,
 I'll tell you the whole of the tale, *con amore*;
 And then you may cry, while this fool's cap I tear it,
 If it fits like great G——'s, pray, why don't you
 wear it ?
 The reason is plain, 'tis (*risum teneatis!*)
 I'm laugh'd at by all the dear land of potatoes.

When lately we thought the Millenium was come,
 And all our great patriots must henceforth be dumb,
 O'ercome by rewards for our eloquent speeches,
 And Paddies should have both potatoes and breeches,
 When Ireland all rang with a loyal uproar,
 Without knowing *what* it was thus shouting for,
 Except that the King and his friend L——Y,
 Had come for awhile, to kill time and be merry ;
 I join'd in the shout, and forgot, like the rest,
 All the wrongs of poor EBIN, theme fittest and best

For an Irishman's tongue—all the chains and privations

That weigh down and fetter this most wrong'd of nations.

**Yes, yes, I forgot too, I swear by the Lord,
In the shame of my soul, e'en the Catholic Board,
And right loyally mix'd my applauses most hearty
With the sycophant cry of the vile Orange party.
But this was not all :—I must leave on my soul
Not a stain of the guilt—let me tell you the whole.**

**When honors and favors seem scatter'd around,
You may catch them almost ere they fall to the ground ;**

**When a tit bit of blarney seems all that's requir'd,
To attain whate'er object your bosom has fir'd ;**

**Ah ! who would not think of himself, and practise
A part of those arts which some people despise ?**

**No poet am I, though in *fiction* I deal,
So I could not my wants in a stanza reveal ;
But as I've long dealt in the *flowery* line,
Of shamrock I dress'd up a wreath, to entwine
The illustrious brows of the king of your isle,
Who deign'd at our banquet to eat, drink, and smile.**

I dwelt on his virtues, and shouted long life
 To K— G—, though I thought on *our* cause,
 and his —,*
 And fondly imagin'd, in spite of the past,
 I should certainly come into favour at last ;
 That some crumbs I should share from the liberal
 feast,
 And a *baronetcy* be my portion at least.
 Alas ! the vain dream of ambition is fled,
 Not an honor adorns your poor Orator's head,
 But this cap, which some folks, in this land of mis-
 rule,
 Have wickedly christen'd the sign of the fool.
 Yes ! think not this fur, which envelops my crown,
 Is a badge of distinction, or mark of renown.
 It ne'er had the honour of cov'ring the pate
 Of the present most virtuous head of the state,
 Tho' that cranium from which we inherit all bliss
 Was once shrouded in just such a cat's skin as this.

* At the time of the rejoicing in Dublin for the failure of the execrable Bill of Pains and Penalties, no house could compare in brilliancy of appearance with Mr. O'C——ll's in M—n Square. It displayed one blaze of light from top to bottom; the very fan lights were magnificently illuminated.
 “*Heu quam mutatus ab illo Hectore !*”

Could I bear that no favor from Royalty's hand,
No mark of approval to shew to our land,
On loyal O'C——LL's bright brows should be seen,
For his speeches so long, and his wreath evergreen?
It came into my head, as I ponder'd my case,
This poor *caput mortuum* to hide from disgrace,
In a cat's skin, like that which enshrouded the skull
Of the great representative of Johnny Bull;
And then vow and protest, that the K—, for a trap,
By advice of the Marquis, threw at me his cap,
Which I wear as a trophy of special endeavour
To become, by God's blessing, a *cat's paw* for ever.
But the truth will come out; and (most cruel mishap)
The devils have found where I purchas'd the cap,
And wherever I go is the laugh and the grin,
Tho' "they cannot have more of the cat than his
skin!"

pozitivní výsledek. Hlavní význam má však fakt, že řešení
problému může být založeno na využití
vlastností jednotlivých výrobců. Výrobci v
řetězci dodavatelského řetězce mohou využít
vlastnosti svých výrobců k tomu, aby vytvořili
řetězec, který je schopen efektivně řešit
významné problémy výroby. Tento řetězec může být
vytvořen tak, že všechny výrobci využijí
své vlastnosti k tomu, aby vytvořili řetězec, který je
schopen efektivně řešit významné problémy výroby.
Tento řetězec může být vytvořen tak, že všechny výrobci využijí
své vlastnosti k tomu, aby vytvořili řetězec, který je
schopen efektivně řešit významné problémy výroby.

A

PACKET OF POEMS.



The following Poems, Songs, &c. were found sealed in one packet, addressed to the Editor of the Morning Post, and signed "*Caleb Cowhage, T.C.D.*" But, as they are not at all written in a spirit altogether kindred with that journal, the Editor takes it for granted, that, had they been forwarded to their original destination, they would, in all probability, have been lost to posterity.



A

PACKET OF POEMS.



THE CHRISTENING OF DUNLEARY.

I.

HAIL, Monarch of the Isles !
To thee I sing,
Great King
Of bows, and graces, whiskers, wigs, and smiles !

II.

'Tis not of fights by field or flood,
Of soldiers' swords and people's blood ;—
No, no !—my harp shall strike a mood
Right loud and merry.

Come, giggling girls and boys, be listening,—
 'Tis what you like— a jolly christening,—
 The christening of that spot of new renown,
 The ranting, roaring, jingle-going, town—
 Dunleary !

III.

Bright was the morn—
 The hill of Howth
 Shakes off her sloth,
 And her sides she laves
 In the foamy waves,
 Which singing mermaids gather on ;—
 While Dalky, Lambey's-hill, and Ireland's eye,
 Smile with delight upon the light-blue sky,
 And *laugh* at the royal squadron !

IV.

Now town on town
 Comes pou ring down,
 Pell-mell from far and nigh ;
 Bulruddery, Glasmanogue, Kilgobbin,
 Knockmaclonaghty :
 Dunshoughlin, Cloghran, Knockshedan,
 Balbriggan, Skerries, Lusk, Portran ;

Drumcondra, Ballybough, Trackill,
Green Tinahinch, and Tallagh-hill,—

Old Cooluch,
And St. Dooluch.

See on a hackney jaunting car
Come Ballybags, and Mullingar,
And sweet Knockroghery ;—

Killcock beside Athy shoves on,
Clonkelty, Youghall, *nate* Athlone,
Trot arm-in-arm with Ballymun,

Dungarvon, and Tralee.

Ballinasloe,
And Killaloe,
And Kinahague,
And Dragmaleague,

Gallop in *chaises* all to see a King
Become a priest, and make a christening.

V.

Bright is the morn !—Sweet whiskey dews
Spirits through ev'ry soul infuse.
Green Erin's glorious age is come—
Punch cold and warm, new milk and rum,

Wash the white dust from ev'ry lip,
 And set forth many a quizzing quip
 On jingle, car, and noddy.*
 The drop of joy's in all their eyes,
 And, 'stead of crape, white ribband-ties
 Are tied on ev'ry body.
 And now concentrate all the moving crowds,
 Mounting the mountains even to the clouds.

VI.

Bright is the morn, and the colors flare
 From the ships and the hills in the sun's bright glare,
 And the fleet rides staunch and steady.
 The bustle's begun,
 And they race and they run ;
 And the whisper floats
 Through the crowds in the boats,
 That *the King's half shav'd already.*
 " Prepare ! prepare !"
 Oh, the silence is there,
 But the whisper again is about ;
 And the word was caught
 From the royal yacht,
 That the *King is shaved all out !*

* A kind of chaise.

VII.

Bustle, bustle !—keep your places—
 Soon shall end the toilet's graces ;
 Short's the time that stays are lacing,
 Shorter still are breeches bracing ;—
 Whiskers are not long in fixing,
 Drams don't take up time in mixing ;
 Wigs are soon put on—to wit,
 When the wigs are made to fit.
 Bustle, bustle !—soon we'll see
 All the bronze of Majesty !

VIII.

He comes ! he comes ! he comes !—it is ! it is !—
 Behold the curl, the wig, and now the phiz—
 The cape, the cravat, and the bending neck—
 Shout, shout ! ye Paddies !—he is on the deck !

IX.

And they shouted full long, and they shouted ful
 loud,
 And they toss'd up their hats to the sky ;
 While the dignified Monarch repeatedly bow'd,
 In sympathy waving his cap to the crowd,
 And crying Pat's echoing cry.

X.

And who is that sea-nymph, so fat and so fair,
 That is standing the M——H beside ?
 'Tis the bright Lady C——GH——M !—thrice happy pair!
 How they undulate up and down up and down there,
 Like a pair of fine porpoises finning the tide !

XI.

Crowd around, ye Pats, and see
 Virtue bright and Majesty ;
 Crowd around, ye Pats, and sing,
 " Bravo ! bravo ! bravo ! King !"
 Crowd, blest Erin's *modest* dames,
 Hail the happy C——GH——Ms !
 Wives and daughters of the isle,
 Where connubial virtues spring,
 Give them your approving smile,
 Approach, and kneel,* and kiss the K—G.
 Honor the lady fat and fair,
 And glad the glorious widower !

* One of the Irish ladies rushed through the crowd at the public breakfast in Dublin, seized the K—g's hand, and, falling on her knees, kissed it !!!

Let JOHN BULL for his Q——n sad dirges sing,
 Don't mind him, PAT, but laugh and please your
 K—a!

XII.

Hark! hark! the signal gun
 Proclaims all ready;
 The trumpets sound anon,
 And the trudging roadsters run—
 Gallop each neighing hack and braying Neddy.

XIII.

See where Dunleary lies,
 Before all wondering eyes,
 Smiling upon its mother's lap in conscious joy—
 Waiting the blest baptismal rites.
 O happy hour!—O sight of sights!
 Never before beheld by man or boy!

XIV.

And who is the sponsor to stand for the child?
 “ ‘Tis me,” says KILLINEY’s green hill;
 “ And the BLACK ROCK there
 Is the lady fair,

With her sea-rack tresses in the wind so wild,
 To be god-mother, if she will."

And she will, and she will!

KILLINEY hill,

For the gracious K—g doth wish her;

Yet the *fair BLACK ROCK**

Shall receive a shock

By this christ'ning, which shall dish her.

XV.

Hark ! hark ! again—again the gun

Calls loudly to begin ;

Again the gaping gazers run—

Again the din.

The M——h comes—the name is giv'n—

" KING's TOWN ! KING's TOWN!" rings to heav'n,

And now the strong baptismal fount

Of whiskey splashes the infant's front,

And, streaming rapid to the sea,

Washes " DUNLEARY" quite away.

* The Black-Rock has heretofore been the Sunday resort for the citizens of Dublin;—since, however, his M——y honored Dunleary so highly, the latter place has become the favourite.

III

XVI.

Fire, smoke, and thunder, rages round,
And the trumpets loudly sing ;
While the Wicklow mountains dance to the
sound,
For the happy, happy K—e.
His r——l head, with conscious pleasure,
Keeps time to the ranting roaring measure !
While the lady gay who sat beside,
Like a fat *floghoolough western* bride,
Patted his cheek with her velvet hand,
And loudly cried,
As the people ey'd,
“ What a service, Lord, you have done the land !”

XVII.

“ Shout, shout, and roar,
From the sea to the shore !”
'Tis done, and all is wild uproar,
The Liffey flings her fish to the skies,
To give them a gala meal of flies—
And the cocks and hens take wing ;

**And the Navan bogs unask'd shoot out
Huge kishes of turf to the hills about,
To make at night
The bonfires light,
For the glorious CHRIST-EN-ING !!!**

A

LINES,

**Accompanying a Glass Goblet which was sent to the Lord
Mayor of Dublin by the Duchess of Richmond, for the
purpose of drinking the K—g's health.**

**Go, little goblet, bright and clear,
The gift of happy Dublin's Mayor ;
Oh let him fill thee to the brim,
And let him drink, and drink to him
Who ever is, though ever gone,
My dear ador'd Anacreon.**

**Thou'rt not of gold—no, that would be
Like tampering with Mayoralty ;
And bribing, as it were, thy way
To bask beneath the Royal ray :
But thou'rt of glass, through which all eyes
May see thy curious qualities ;**

And bear a clear reproach to one
Who's left the giver here alone.

Like me, O little goblet, thou
Art *cut*, and most completely too;
And when thou'rt crack'd, Oh, then thou'l be
A cast off side-board thing like me!

THE KEENAN,* OR FAREWELL IRISH CRY ON
 THE DEPARTURE OF HIS M——Y
 FROM DUBLIN.

I.

FAREWELL! farewell! my best of K—G's!
 O wira sthru! O wira sthru!
 That said ten thousand *handsome* things,
 O wira sthru; O wira sthru!
 It's you can bow and smile upon
 Poor PAT, in spite of grumbling JOHN,—
 O murther! murther! are you gone!
 Ough wira sthru! O wira sthru!

* The Irish cry of Keenan is a recapitulation of all the virtues of the deceased or absent, each commencing with "It's you that," &c. and ending with "Wira sthru," and a long howl, in which all join.

II.

It's you that wore the handsome wig,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 Frizz'd *nately* round your face so big,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 It's you that let yourself be seen,
 And hawk'd about through College-Green,
 As much as JOHNNY hawk'd his Q——n.
 O wira sthru, &c.

III.

It's you—it's you that's not afraid,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 To wear the Shamrock green cockade,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 It's long the green was on the shelf,
 When ev'ry loyal Orange elf
 For wearing it would hang *yourself!*
 O wira sthru, &c.

IV.

It's you that made Lord S——m——n roast,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 Ould DARLEY for his dirty toast.
 O wira sthru, &c.

It's you, in all your K——LY taste,
 Brought out that ugly nosy *baste*,
 To entertain them at the feast,
 O wira sthru, &c.

V.

It's you that prais'd the whiskey rare,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 And that's because you lik'd it dear,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 It's you, with all your ladies, feign
 Would be the most *gallantest* swain,—
 And its you that danc'd a jig at Slane,
 O wira sthru, &c.

VI.

It's you that prais'd each street and square,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 It is a pity people don't live there,
 O wira sthru, &c.
 But *Qallity** was there one day,
 Before the time of C——H,
 But, like you both, they're gone away !
 O wira sthru, &c.

* “*Qallity*,” a term used by the vulgar for great people.

VII.

You *towl'd* us this, and you *towl'd* us that,
O wira sthru, &c.
How long you'd be a friend to PAT,
O wira sthru, &c.
And, oh ! you *towl'd* us not to fret,
And said you'd make us happy yet—
Remember that you don't forget !
O wira sthru, &c.

△ B

IRISH MELODY,

Sung by the Household Bard at S——e Castle

SHE is snug in the land where her fat lover sleeps,
The M—e—s no longer is spying ;
For he knows very well when his distance he keeps
That his wife for a D—d—m is trying.

She frolics and frisks to soft jiggery strains,
Ev'ry note on her lover's pipe waking ;
But little she thinks, while he's taking such pains,
How the back of his M——y's breaking !

Had she liv'd for his love, when warm youth, in its
pride,
Forg'd the chain that so sweetly entwin'd him;
Old age might forgive, and youth would not deride—
But his best days are now gone behind him !

So make him a bed at S——e Castle to-night,
And comfort him under his sorrow;
His grief won't last long for his wife—being light,
And you may be a D——ss to-morrow !

B

FROM THE ——— TO THE DUTCHESS OF
R———D.

My dear, my darling buxom lass,
The good Lord Mayor receiv'd your glass;
Which he fill'd up with worthy stingo,
And drank our health and your's, by jingo !
It is a wond'rous pretty thing
But not too good for Aby. K—e;
A man who at a civic feast
Resembles not so much the beast
As Aldermen in London do.
But tell me, love, and tell me true,
Whether this gift doth fairly seem
The token of your kind esteem
For him or me?—for you know which;—
Or say, you sly old coaxing witch

Was it alone to make me think
 Of those sweet eyes of darkest hue,
That love might hover near the brink,
 And lead my soul to dream of you ?
If so, I'll knight, if you desire,
 A—h—m B—d—y K—g, Esquire ;
And though it gives my bosom pain,
 I'll do two things not very easy ;
I'll leave your rival down at S—ne,
 And run away from E——h——y !

B

LINES ON THE RECEPTION OF A CERTAIN
MARQUIS IN IRELAND.

" 'Twas not for him whose soul was cast
In the bright mould of ages past ;
Whose melancholy spirit fled
With all the glories of the dead,—
'Twas not for him to swell the crowd
Of slavish heads that shrinking bow'd
Before the ——— as he past,
Like shrubs beneath the poison blast!"

Moore.

OH say not that my country stands,
A mark of scorn to other lands,—
That one proud spirit could descend
To welcome as a generous friend,
Or take the hand that years before
Wav'd high the scourge, and smote her sore !

Oh say not that one *Irish* heart
Could stoop to that ignoble part—
One patriot bosom join the throng,
Except to view with hatred strong
The man who thus rewarded came,
For treach'rous deeds too black to name,
And now who tamely could behold
The land whose rights he basely sold!

But rather say—from Slav'ry's den
Rush'd forth a host of O***gemen,—
A corp'rate band of city knaves,
Fit only for the work of slaves !
Who, when their country's freedom lay
Prostrate and chain'd by C*****H,
And all those noble ends were foil'd
Which ~~heroes~~ bled for—*patriots* toil'd,
Then did those recreant slaves exult,
Who now, with joyous wild tumult,
Welcomes the ——, or something worse,—
Born but to be his country's curse !
And took his faithless word on trust,
Who would not if he could be just !

NEW IRISH MELODY.

Air—"A Landlady in France."

THERE's an Alderman here looking foolish and fat,
 With cheeks not much given to dimples ;
 With a mouth full as wide as a large brewer's vat,
 And a nose richly studded with pimples.

He waddles along with abundance of grace,
 Though sometimes cast down from deep thinking ;
 And few could mistake from one look at his face
 That he's dreaming of eating and drinking !

He has written a volume on every dish—
 'Tis a learned and eloquent treatise ;
 On turtle, and ven'son, and wild-fowl, and fish,
 Which he gave Mr. MORRISON* gratis !

* The prince of cooks in Dublin.

His exquisite taste ages yet will admire,
When the Alderman down in the earth is ;
And cooks of both sexes get drunk o'er the fire,
In pledging thy fame, BILLY C——s !

B.

DARBY AND TEAGUE.

An Irish Eclogue.

Quid te, Mori, pedes? an, quid via dicit in urbem?

VIRGIL, Ecloga IX.

TEAGUE.

Ó DARBY, welcome!—'pon my *sowl* I'm glad,
 To see you once more down at Kinnegad.
 Tip us the fist, my boy!—Ough gra ma chree!
 You look so well, you're scarce yourself I see.
 Come, draw the stool, sit down with me and KITTY,
 And tell us all the sights of Dublin city.
 But first, here KATE, your *sowl*, a drop o' stuff—
 Make haste, for God knows DARBY's *dry* enough.

DARBY.

Well, here's your health, TEAGUE—KITTY, your's—
 and so
 Here goes to tell you all about the show.

I just had set my car of '*praties* down,
 The day the world's wonder came to town ;
 So off to Sackville-street I takes my fling,
 To meet and make my manners to the K—g.
 When close beside a thing they call'd a gate,
 Stuck in the very middle of the street,
 I stood—because I often heard that kings
 Were fond of riding through such pretty things.
 Well, here I stood, with millions round about,
 All mouths well whiskey'd for the welcome shout.
 When up comes galloping a captain gay—
 Knocks to get through the gate, the goose ! when he
 Might ride all round it. — “ Ho ! halloo ! who's
 there ?
 D'ye hear, Sir ! ”—“ Who are you ? ” roar'd out the
 Mayor.
 (The Mayor's the man whose cloven-footed clerk
 Made *foolscaps* for his master in the dark.)

* Teague was wrong in calling the poor clerk “ *cloven-footed* :” the allusion evidently bears upon the peculation practised upon certain public offices in Dublin, in the supplies of stationery made by Mr. Abraham Bradley King. Now we know that he did not rob for either himself or his master, but out of *sheer mistake*. Large sums were certainly plundered from the public through this *mistake*; and, al-

The Captain calling, said the K—g was waiting,
 And wish'd them not to waste their time in prating ;
 " But, no," replies the Mayor, " he *can't* get in ;
 For though he's K—g without, I'm KING within ;—
 But if he sends a proper messenger,
 We'll then, perhaps, have no objection, Sir."

TEAGUE.

But, DARBY, was'nt it very ill becoming
 To send such message ?

DARBY.

Pooh ! 't was merely hamming !

Lord Mayors have priv'leges—gilded things,
 Coach, mace, and fur, a sort of City Kings ;
 And there may rule the roast and play the fool,—
 You know that cooks in kitchens like to rule.
 Well, now the K—g and all his nobles come,
 Lord this—Duke that—Sir Fudge—and Marquis
 Fum ;
 O such a sight!—it made my eyes grow dim,
 For half an hour I hardly saw a *stim* ;

though the pocket has been discovered which contains that
 money, yet we have not heard of a farthing of it being re-
 turned !!!

But when I got close up, to my surprise,
The *sight* of him, faith, *open'd all my eyes!*

TEAGUE.

But tell me, DARBY, had he hands and face
Like other people?

DARBY.

Arrah! *hould* your *pace*!

Indeed he had, faith, face to face the devil,
And hands too, which he let us shake quite civil;—
God bless your *sowl*—a King is just the same
As other men, except in name—or fame.

TEAGUE.

And does he *spake* like us?

DARBY.

No, TEAGUE, not quite;
More like court-people, if I judge him right;
A kind of tongue that's *hardly understood*,
Though he could *spake* much *plainer if he would*.
I got beside him—shouted out hurroo!
And when I wav'd my hand, he wav'd his too;



131

Held up the golden shamrock of his hat,
And seem'd quite happy in diverting PAT.

TEAGUE.

If Kings are made the same as most of us,
Why do they always kick up such a fuss ?
How can *one* man make twenty million men
Do as he wishes ?

DARBY.

Why, I'll tell you then.

'Tis not the K—G that dees it, but a set
Of little tyrants that around him get ;
And, in his name, which ev'ry one respects,
Demands and threats, and pockets the effects.

KITTY.

Pooh ! we've enough of tyrants—hang them all !
And tell us of the K—G. Now is he tall ?
And is he handsome, DARBY ? Come, go on
Ecod, I'm quite a gig to hear the fun !

DARBY.

Handsome he is, and likes the ladies too ;
And, KITTY, faith, the very thing for you.

(With TEAGUE's permission.)

TEAGUE.

O no, DARBY, no !

I've not a wish to be *ennobled* so.
 Horn coronets are very handsome things,
 And *gay convenient* articles to K—gs.
 However, as I've still an easy head,
 I'm quite content with KITTY and the spade.

KITTY.

Don't *taze* yourself ; for though I'm what I am,
 I'll never be a Lady C——.

DARBY.

Well, KATE, success !—your *perty* health, my
 dear !
 I'm sure you're ten times better as you are.
 If you had seen her and a strange Princess,
 Cover'd with all the *flouncery* of dress,
 This day his M——y was hawk'd about,
 In balcony from all the rest struck out—
 How ev'ry one that knew her grinn'd upon her,
 And how they jeer'd her husband's star of honor!

If you had seen her wave her hand and cry,
 " God bless the K—G !—long live your M—Y!"
 And then have turn'd and seen the people's faces;
 I'm sure you would not envy them their places !

Well, on the K—G and I went with the crowd,
 He bowing low as ever parson bow'd.
 Upon my soul, TEAGUE, betwixt you and me,
 He seem'd much humbler than a K—G should be,
 But what d'ye think that beat out all the rest,
 And seem'd the very thick-milk of the jest ?
 By way of compliment, some funny chap
 Let fall a thumping pigeon in his lap !

KITTY.

A pigeon, DARBY ! surely 'twas not meant
 To be a *dacent* Irish compliment !
 If they had th'own a peacock at him, then
 'Twould have been right—or else a *guinea*-hen ;
 Nothing could be so good to show their zeal
 As birds with pretty feathers in the tail !

TEAGUE.

But, DARBY, I must go and milk the cows,
 And you had better fetch the *old* sows,

While KITTY boils the '*praties*, and sets out
Our smoking supper-dish of *stir-about*;
And ere the last light dies upon the west,
We'll hear you, DARBY, tell us all the rest.



ON A RECENT DISMISSAL.

Art thou, too, the victim of courtly intriguing,
Where ruin awaits on the *truth* that offends ?
But fear not their base—their contemptible leaguing,
For Britain's thy country—the people thy friends !

Let us think on the glory achiev'd by thy band,
When the Gauls had made captive proud Austria's
lord,
How the succour afforded by thee and thy band,
The monarch to freedom and safety restor'd.*

* Sir R. W——n in the year 1794, with a small handful of men, rescued the Emperor of Germany from the hands of the French, after that monarch had been taken prisoner by them. It was for this gallant action that he received the order of Maria Theresa.

Or how Lusitania, by thee taught to war
 With courage new nerv'd, sought the battle's
 alarms,
 In danger and slaughter determin'd to share,
 And rivall'd th' exploits of the Britons in arms.*

Or how, as thy conduct and valour prevail'd,
 British soldiers were sav'd in that critical hour,
 When the skill of their much-vaunted leader had
 fail'd
 To rescue his host from the enemy's power.†

So widely acknowledg'd thy virtues and fame,
 That scarcely in Europe exists there a throne‡
 Whose prince is not honor'd by hon'ring thy name,
 Which heeds not, brave chief, the caprice of thine
 own.

* Sir Robert organised the Portuguese army in the peninsular war.

† It will easily be perceived, that an allusion is made to Sir R.'s preserving the British army after the battle of Talavera; but there are services which ensure any thing but gratitude.

‡ Sir R——t has received orders and marks of personal respect from all the principal Sovereigns in Europe.

Though deck'd with those honours unsullied, un-
stain'd,

Thy name shall all-glorious descend to thy race,
Thy worth a yet prouder distinction has gain'd,
In that which thy foes have design'd a disgrace.

Their censure and hate is the brightest reward,
That tyrannous courtiers could ever bestow
On him, whose brave spirit could never regard
In a peaceable brother the face of a foe.

THE DUBLIN MAYOR AND THE LONDON ALDERMAN;
OR, A BIT OF BLARNEY.

"The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime."

LOD BYRON.

HAVE ye heard of the worthy, so fat and so favour'd,

A mountain of wealth, tho' a man of great *waist*,
Coarse and sour, tho' a judge of the sweet and the savour'd,

Rough and rude in his ways, tho' of delicate *taste*,

To herald the praise of the brown biscuit baker,

To trumpet his glories these lines I rehearse,

stationer honest, in fame a partaker,

Must share in the tribute that flows in my verse.

On the first annual day of the Sov'reign's accession—

These heroes assembled to guzzle and feast ;
The good things of earth grac'd their board in suc-
cession—

The good things of earth their good-humour in-
creas'd.

As themselves, Paddy swore there were none in the
nation,

So loyal, so wise, so enlightened by far,
The King was the god of their soul's adoration—
The company shouted, and grinn'd, and said " ah ! "

Who doubts aught of this—yes—exclusively loyal,
Holes and corners bear witness they're gallant by
stealth ;

Each struts on his dunghill, the little cock-royal,
And shows worldly wisdom by scraping up wealth.

And who then can doubt that in joy they all
brighten'd,

Full of flame and of fire was each *light* headed
ass ;

And who can deny that the group was enlighten'd,
The room where they din'd was illumin'd with *gas*.

Then hence with vain scoffing— get fresh-blooming
myrtle,

And weave a green wreath to encircle each scull;
Encrown with wild dock-leaves great Alderman
Turtle,
Get chaplets of nettles for each brainless gull.

Do justice to merit—away with detracting,
And speak of them neither for better nor worse;
He's a wonderful man, for excessive *contracting*
Has swoln out at once both his paunch and his
purse.

Then leaving the proud to enjoy their vain boasting,
With Aldermen great in their *heads* let us sing
Success to all blarney—proceed in your toasting.
Come, here's to the C's of Cox, Curtis, and King.*

J.

* This and the foregoing Poem was not originally amongst the packet of epistles found. The latter has been before published in one of the London journals.

VERSIFICATION OF THE IRISH ORATION.*

"Dulce ridentem Lallagen amabo, Dulce loquentem."

HOR.

My Lords and Gentlemen, and my good yeomanry,
 I cannot, as it were—a—speak, d'y'see—
 That is, I can't find words—a— quite *sincere*,
 To say how very glad I am at landing here.

I'm obliged to you all,
 Both great and small,
 I am, upon my soul I am, I'm sure,
 For thus escorting me e'en to my very door.

This valuable record is given faithfully as spoken by his Majesty. It is a striking proof of the degree in which the Royal Orator possesses the *lingua dulcis*, for the words absolutely fell into metre and rhyme of their own accord.

I may not now be able to exprese
My feelings in a *suitable* address,
I've travel'd far, Sirs—very far indeed,
And made a mighty long sea-voyage too
From Brighton ALL THE WAY TO HOLYHEAD !

And then came piping hot by steam to you.
Besides, some circumstance have occurr'd,
By which I'm somewat—that is—rather *queer'd*—
My *friends* I need—a—tell you how—
The less that's said on that the better now—
My wife—you understand me *friends*—my wife—
None but the kind and *delicate*
My feelings can appreciate,
Odd's bobbs, this day's the happiest of my life !!

I've long wish'd for this visit ; and you know
I am an Irishman—quite Irish—though
My mother did'nt relish saying so.
I love my Irish subjects. Rank and station
Is nothing—no, not e'en a Coronation !

But oh to live in *Irish* hearts, d'y'see,
Is most exalted happiness *to me*.
Once more I thank you for your kindness now,
And bid you all farewell—Good by !
Go do by me as I shall do by you—
A bumper of good whiskey drink to me,
And I'll drink one to you—ay, two or three,
Even till the happy drop 's—all in my eye !!!



ROYAL THREE-HANDED WHIST.

A FAMILY party sat down to gamble,
 And three-handed whist was the game ;
 The host he was one, and the guest was another,
 The third was the fine fat dame.

And they play'd, and they play'd—but in ev'ry hand
 The guest he was just in the nick ;—
 Now the dame manag'd so that 'twas *honors divided*—
 He manag'd to make the *odd trick*.

And he won, and he won—for the stupid old host
 Left the whole of the thing to the dame ;—
 Oh ! never was seen such a gambling guest—
 Such a comical *Cunning-game* !



FINIS.

FUDGE IN IRELAND.



READER;

Peradventure thou pokest thy nose into this prefatory page with the unreasonable expectation that, in imitation of the ancient Greek Chorus, it shall give thee the Argument, Plot, and Point, and present thee, by anticipation, with the concentrated essence of the various Pieces contained in the Volume. Behold, thou shalt find the Introduction meagre and jejune, even

as the season, (Lent) in which it is concocted.

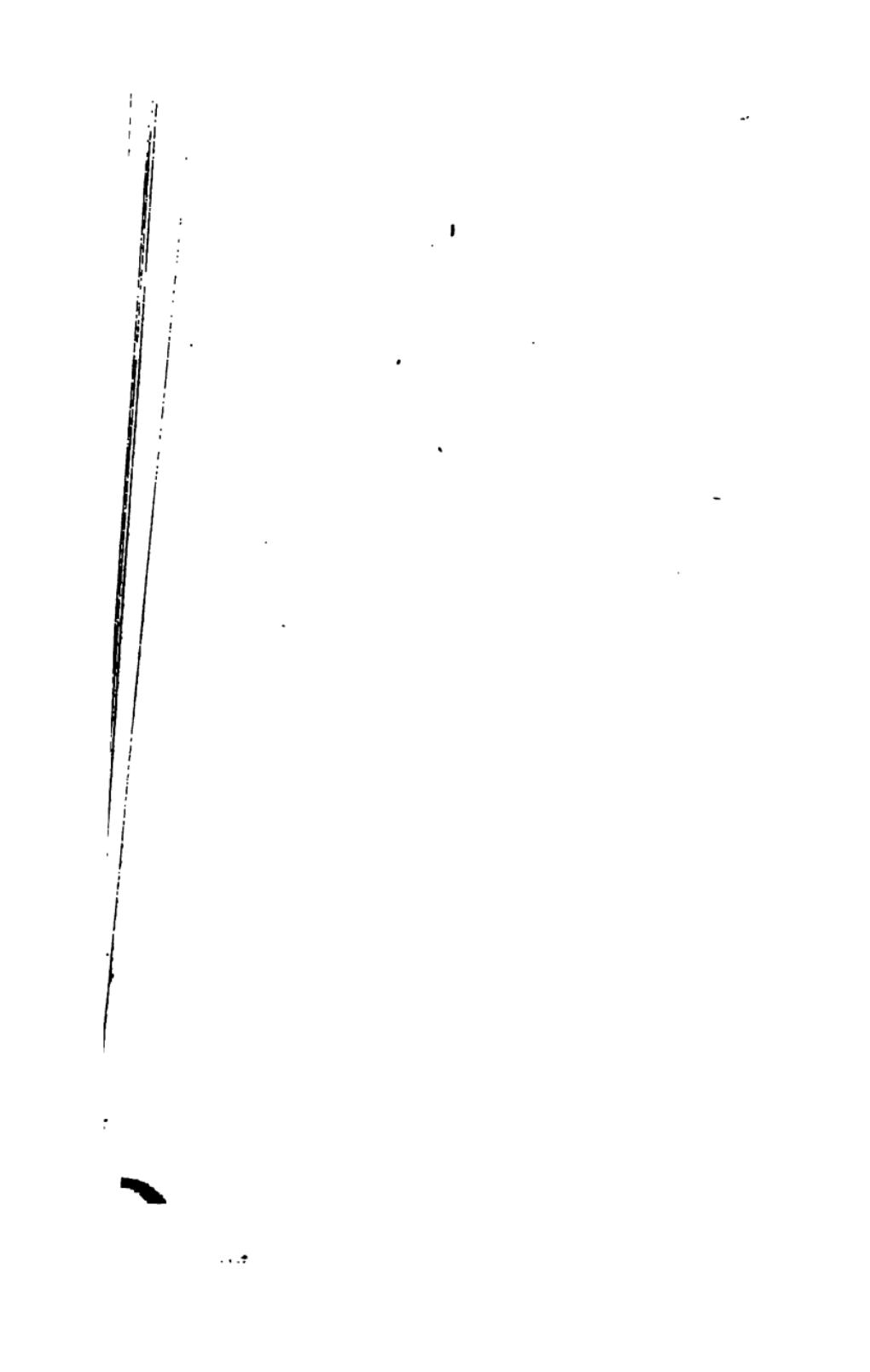
If thou art an Incurious, it concerneth thee little that we should withhold from thee the circumstances that have thrown into our hands the subjoined effusions of different pens, at different times, in different places; and shouldst thou even be imbued with the spirit of curiosity, with which that of investigation is uniformly associated, we deem that we shall best minister to thy gratification by leaving thee, upon this point, to the exercise of thy own sagacity, and the enjoyment of thy own deductions.

The sole object, then, of “these presents” is, solemnly and seriously, to assure thee that, with the exception of the Pieces mentioned at the foot,* the Letters and other Articles which constitute this Volume, have been all faithfully printed from the *Original Manuscripts.* This, if the pledge of

* The Fragment of an Auction Bill, found in the Park, and the Rules for an Anti-Catholic Speech, are the productions of anonymous Correspondents of the Dublin Weekly Register, from the Columns of which we have unceremoniously plundered them. Our appropriation of the lines of Old SKELTON, and the Charade attributed to the C—f J—t—e are duly acknowledged in the body of the work.

the anonymous have any weight, will, we trust, satisfy thee of their authenticity. The magniloquent morsels under the name of "Legends," which conclude the Book, are the probationary efforts of a prospective candidate for the Civic Laureateship, and heir presumptive to an aldermanic gown, now graduating in **Golden-Leg College, Oxmantown.**

FUDGE IN IRELAND.



CONTENTS.

Letter from Sir St—w—t Br—ce, to Sir Ch—rl—s Asg—ll, on the subject of the GRAND TURN OUT.	11
——— from the same to the same, descriptive of the com- motion occasioned at the V—e R—g—l Lodge in Phoenix Park, by the recal of E—l T—b—t, and the dismissed of the Att—y G—n—l,	18
Fragment of an Auction Bill picked up in the Park, and inclosed in the foregoing Letter,.....	28
Letter from the R—t Hon—ble R—b—t P—l to the M—t N—ble M—rq—s Well—s—ly on the subject of an extraor- dinary paragraph in his Ex—ll—cy's Despatches from Ireland,	31
——— from the R—t Hon—ble L—nd N—rb—y, to Vis—t Sid—th, relative to the White Boys,	40
——— from a distinguished personage in Ireland, containing Rules for an Anti-Catholic Speech,	49
——— from G—les D—x—n Esq. dated from the Club House, Kildare-street, Dublin, to P—mber—n R—dd Esq. de- scriptive of Mr. Sec—t—ry G—Ib—rn's <i>Game at Loo.</i>	55
——— from W—lt—r C—x in Dublin, to P—t—r F—nner—y, in London, on the Dubbing of the City Knights, during the Royal Visit.	61

X

Sir H-re-t L-s, pourtrayed by anticipation, by honest old Skelton,	70
A Catalogue of Prime DUSTS,	71
Epigram from the Italian,	78
Impromptu of L-d N-rb-ry, on hearing of the Marriage of Mrs. D-lt-on, (Daughter of Sir J-n Ste-ns-n, Mus. Doc.) with the Earl of B-ct-e,.....	79
Apostrophe of a high Public Officer to a colossal representation of the Human Hand, upon a Direction Post in Dublin,	80
Song, on the Times, supposed to have been written by L-d N-rb-ry,.....	81
Charade, attributed to the pen of the present C-f J-t-e,	68

"LEGENDS OF LEARNED LENGTH AND THUNDERING SOUND."

The Franchises, an Epic Poem, descriptive of the Splendid Ceremonial connected with Throwing the Dart, to ascertain the Extent of the Jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor of Dublin,	91
" Curius refusing the Samnites' Gold," theme proposed for the Prize Poem in the Dublin University, a specimen of the true Sublime.....	110

FUDGE IN IRELAND.



LETTER I.

FROM SIR ST—RT B—E, TO SIR CH—S A—G—LL.



Dublin Castle, Dec. 20, 1821.

Dear A—G—LL,

You're wont to dilate and indite on
The TURN-OUTS in the Park, Piccadilly, and Brighton,
And so graphic you sketched the Barouches and Nags
Sported now on the Steyne by the Royalty Tags,
That my brain tho' inured to *soi disant* Great Folks,
In fancy was dizz'd by the whirl of the spokes.
But the primest TURN-OUT—Oh! for aye on that score,
Be your Mercurys mute, and your boastings no more;

B

Yes, the primest TURN-OUT, Strike me ugly ! that e'
 Of the Lofty or Low, Count or Cit won the stare,
 Were it seen by your Anglicized eyes, you'd allow
 Is that which our Town stands agape at, just now !
 'Tis not L—NST—R, the Premier of Nobs in this Land
 With Out-riders four, and with *Tits* four in hand ;
 'Tis not BRY-N, Ex-King of the Romans—the Son
 Of an *ould* Irish Prince, or who lives just like one ;
 Nor the Catholic coach of that mob-stirring man,
 Styled *par excellence* Counsellor—playfully Dan.
 To our TURN-OUT compared—and TURN-OUTS in the
 bulk are

Launched, you know my dear Asgy, to puzzle the vulg
 As a Tax-cart would rank the spruce dennett

CR-MPT-N,

Or as *Jarvies*, the State of F—FE, ATH-L, or L—MBT—
 But you're posed by the Gods, and with archness
 prepense,

Till next page in the most awkward state of suspens

I'll detain you—but hold—if reflection may banish
word,

'There's a *state of suspension*, that's vastly more awkward ;
'Tis that state—don't wax wrothful, for nought can
disgrace you,

Of *suspense*, in which Yankees once threatened to place
you.*

Of all *collars*, dear A. with which folks choose to deck
one,

The least welcome, is that, which Jack Ketch puts the
neck on.

Of abbrevs to one's name, from the last to the first,
K. G.—K. C. B.—*Sus. per Coll.*† is the worst.

* The gallant son of Mars, to whom this epistle is addressed, was “cast for the gallows,” by the Americans, during the war of independence : the Queen of France, however, interfering in his favor, “his destiny was changed,” as Sir Harcourt Lees expresses it.

† The brief *formula* adopted long since by the high officers of the Law, in evicting the soul from its fleshly Tabernacle.—What a contrast to the general verbosity of Practice, in *more important cases*, and where the lucre is proportioned to the labour.

But, by Juno you're posed, like some Blue-stocking maid,

Who exhausts her weak wits, conning B——R's charade.*
And you're puzzled like him, who, in puzzling long school'd,

Shall ne'er rise in the Law Corps, to serjeantcy ——

He, at other men's evidence noted for nibbling,

Is the short synonym at St. Stephens for quibbling.

'Twill startle yourself, and Sir G——E H——L of Derry

Will give a long look, more morose far than merry;

Like the out-hand at Tennis—the in-hand being "*all but*,"

When the Court Gaz. announces, the Turn-out of

T-LB-T.

But I hear you exclaim, " Has the man lost his senses!

" Or does T-LB-T the prudent, indulge in expenses !

* The present being the golden age of book-making, we have dragged in, by the head and shoulders, (for the purpose of swelling out our volume to a respectable *crown octavo*,) this playful trifle, attributed to the pen of C. K. B——e. It will be found at the conclusion of the book.

“ Oh, that prodigal clime must have strange effects on
him, he

“ From his youth took the *pas* of all Peers—in economy.

“ If he keep, à la BEDFORD, his mews filled with horses,

“ And Turns out in prime style, then what follows of
course is,

“ That the wise man of Gotham, has strangely been
brought to do,

“ What the Dublin fools, think the King's V—e——T
ought to do.”

Calm your fears, my dear A—, for it must be a rum jury
Who'd convict him of Sin 'gainst the Statutes called
sumptuary;

In his table, 'pon honor, he's plain as a Templar, he,
As to Equipage, too, is in closeness exemplary,
And twice in house council proposed—since he's single,
That his Park trips from Town, should be made in a
Jingle,

Or a rump *Vis-a-Vis*, such as plies to the Pidgeon-house,
Snug vehicles both, to this Island indigenous;

Nay, a contract was on the tapis, with Tim. Bowes,
 For five shillings per day, and the Vice K—'s cast
 clothes ;
 But his Lordship, perceiving by sharp calculation,
 That he'd stabling and grass—at the charge of the
 nation ;
 Taking into account, too—the low price of oats,
 And that Plunket-street brokers, give cash for old coats,
 Chose for trundling to town his Most Excellent body,
 To revive and self-drive, the old cheap one-horse Noddy.†
Cela suffira j'espere, just to make you forebode
 That our *Turn-out* means, not the *flash* phrase of the mode.

* It is generally understood, that the decayed articles of the wardrobe of the late V——y, were sold in Dublin by weight—At his departure, there were a few stones of potatoes unconsumed at the Lodge, which were afterwards disposed of by auction, the circumstance of the existence of an extensive receptacle for Mendicants in Dublin, having by some accident escaped his Lordship's recollection.

† The calash of the late Representative of M——y, in Ireland, was nothing better than a respectable variety of the one horse *chay*, known in Dublin, in the olden time, by the title of a New-street *Noddy*.

In Turn-outs of the ton, T-LR-T squanders no pelf:
 With short notice to quit, faith he's turned out himself!
 This has raised such a rumpus, that, had I but room on
 One sheet to describe 't—may I cease to love Woman!
 If you'd one hearty horse-laugh—and that laugh your
 last,
 You'd expend it convulsively hearing what passed.

I must write by next Post the details, for I see by
 My watch—I can just scrawl a poulet† to Phæbe,
 Peruse my sweet self in the glass—and lay on;
 I've a charming assig. at old Sw——m's at one,
 Buy me some Cologne water and good Eau de Luce.
 I'm your

true sympathetic till death,

ST——T B——

* A *Billet Doux*:—Henry IV. of France, was in the habit of conveying Letters to his Mistress, thro' his Poulailler, whence the name of Poulet.

LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME,

IN CONTINUATION.

Dublin Castle, Dec. 31, 1821.

THE cloth was just drawn, at the Park, when the Packet
Arrived by Express—oh my eyes!—what a racket!
Crop my *Queue*—but the Vice K—g a moment look'd
wise!
'Tis unusual, although he's a great man—in size,
Wears a *nous*-speaking nose, and high forehead well
burnished,
But, like most upper stories, his Attic's worst furnished.)

His temper he lost—when such news on his nerve hit,
 All the Salt in the Wyches* could scarcely preserve it.
B—LY S—R—N, who sat **C——Y GR—NT** far above,
 Looked like a cock oyster, crossed deeply in love!
Ev'n GR—G—RY “the active” sunk back in a stupor!
V—RN—N philosophized! and **D—N—S** swore, like a trooper!
 Our Castle Jack Pudding, the **C—M—N PL—S**’ Chief,
 As if passing death sentence—sat grinning in grief;
 Even ——y’s High Priest, showed symptoms of flame:
 He’s a *Fowler*, and keenly attached to the Game!
 My Lord of **K—D—E** too, who reckons Glasnevin,
 With its turnpikes and tolls, as the high road to Heaven,
 Was marred in his mental review of live stock:
 My Lord tends the Herd; **THE LORD** feedeth the
 Flock!

* *The Wyches.* Districts where Salt works are established. The late **V—R—Y** of Ireland, who proved himself as steady a friend of retrenchment, as any breakfast-powder-loving Radical, is reported to have invested “a Century of thousands,” the proceeds of his system of economy, in the Cheshire Salt works.

M—ra's half Popish Bishop, whom G—r by a shake,
 Implored to give grace—crossed himself in mistake!
 And jaundiced jowled M—n—rs, that lib'r'l polité* boy,
 So fairly turned pale, he'd have passed for a *White-boy*!
 While his vellum-skinned phiz, by a strange hectic gush
 Of some half raddled lymph, was surprized to a blush,
 And his death-upon-wires' dry muscles 'gan dance,
 Like some Mummy, GALVANI had waked from a trance!
 As a Nuremberg nut-cracker opening his jaws,
 He astounded the Board with the strangest of saws;
 Half shriek and half snarl, emulating a roar,
 He sprang from his seat, clenched his knuckles and swore,
 (Even Grose's famed slang book won't render the adage,)
 D—n, d—n, double d—n it, oh, G—d d—n it, *Cabbage*!†

* His claim to the epithet is established by his celebrated speech against the late Queen, whom he courteously designated by the generic word "Woman."

† A Classical ejaculation frequently uttered on the Bench by the C—r, in tones "not loud but deep" when his patience happens to be put to trial, or unpalatable information is communicated to him.—*Cabbage*, is understood in Ireland, to be a bye-word used in some of the English Grammar Schools.

Strange phrase, you'll allow—it e'en puzzled the J—s,
 Ten of whom, out of twelve, are allied to the FUDGES.
 With lips all ajar, and eyes fixed in one station,
 Each phiz formed a live note of interrogation !

S—TH approached *Juggy D——s*' ear, and whisp'ring
 him *doucement* ;

(*Juggy* looked like Joan Southcote on th' eve of accouche-
 ment,)

Implored him, as greatest and gravest of th' Wardens
 Of Hort'culture here, 'neath the gay God of gardens,*

* From a recent publication.

The Ex. C——f J——e of the K. B. the profound and playful
 W——m D——s, discharged with equal eclat the functions of
 C——f J——e of the K. B. and of first Judge in the high Court
 of Flora, in Ireland, to which, by the unanimous suffrage of the
 Horticultural Society he has been raised. From him also, in his
 capacity of Vice Chancellor of Trinity College, were presumed to
 emanate, the several Themes proposed for the annual prizes in that
 Seminary. He may thus be fairly said to rival in the universality
 of his powers, and the variety of their application, the captious
 Fadladeen, who "was Judge of every thing, from the penciling of a
 "Circassian's eye-lid to the deepest questions of Science and Literature,
 "from the mixture of a conserve of Rose leaves, to the writing of an
 "Epic Poem."

Conjur'd him by his loves not to Chloe or Norah,
 But the chaste close attentions he lavished on Flora,
 To tell, why the man crowned his talkative *rapage*,
 By that excellent adjunct to pickled beef, *Cabbage*.
Juggy shifted his *specs.* fed his nostrils as usual,
 Knit the copse of his brows, and then snuffed refusal.

From the ear of the chief, S—H withdrawing his lips, he
 Applied to M'CL—LL—D, whose Dad was a gypsy;
 Thence justly concluding the slang was his mother
 tongue,
 Till he shed his first *naggers*,* he spoke in no other tongue.
 M'CL—LL—D cried *Nescio*, and seemed as much trou-
 ble in,
 As if he'd heard Troy styled ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

G—T, anxious to chop the word's meaning at once on,
 Breath'd a wish for a Lexicon, Walker or Johnson.

* Teeth, in *flash language*.

- e Lodge boasts but two books, they are not long
explaining ;
- z. “ *Lessons of Thrift* ” and a “ *Treatise on Draining.* ”

To define it, gruff FL-TCH-R alone, not *nonplus’d* is ;
 ’s a mastiff attached to the Temple of Justice ;
 Id while others at beck, fawn, fetch, carry, or snore,
 the State whippers-in, he’s a d—nable bore ;
 r the sops of preferment, or pattings of beauty,
 n’t seduce this uncourteous old dog from his duty.

Tout à l’heure you’ll perceive by his interpretation,
 at *Cabbage* marks M—n—s’ high disapprobation ;
 d the quota of d—ns—for he swears like a Saracen,
 efixed to the word, shew the grades of comparison.
 whene’er any strange news invadeth his attic halls,
 the Whigs, the Queen’s fame, or the Papists or
 Radicals,

Which grateful in tone to the liberal nerve is,
 Then this chaste interjection is press'd into service.
 Thus the simple cry *Cabbage!* was heard 'midst the merry
 din,

Which arose from the town at th' acquittal of Sheridan;
 More emphatic he garnished, plain *Cabbage* with one
damn,

When he saw, with amaze and vexation, the *quondam*
 Fierce foe to the Papists, L—D MAR'BRO' recant,
Two damns marked his rage at th' appointment of G—r,
Tres latratus of *damns* spiced his *Cabbage*, when spleen
 Sprung her mine in his mouth, at success of the Queen;
 The same he eructed, and they were not dumb ones,
 When PLUNKETT's Relief Bill had passed thro' the
 Commons ;—

But when S—R-N and T—LB—T, expelled from their places,
 Had the Court, and the Castle doors, slammed in their
 faces,
 Such a hedge-fire of *damns* in the parlour, and hall he
 Let fly—while this bye-word was heard in each volley;

May Baseggio* my nose in his tongs take, and twirl it if
He did not make *Cabbage* a true Greek superlative.

Thus I've cloyed you with kail, nay, so glibly I've ran
on,

That you'll say I have cooked it almost to kail-cannon.
But use your lore well, and no *Quid-nunc* of College or
Church, e'er attained such high rank as Philologer :

Write a letter to Todd;† prose, heroic or sapphic,
Id est Todd of the heavy tomes, lexicographic,
That mouser so keen, for neglected or new words,
Who sweareth so roundly, he misseth but few words.
(Oh ! would that the laws which enjoin shoes with short
toes‡

Were extended to books, and forbade obese quartos.)

* The State Wigmaker.

† The learned editor of Johnson's Dictionary, in 4 volumes, quarto.

‡ The Dandies of Edward the Third's time, had, according to Camden, "their Shoos snowted and piked more than a finger long, " crooking upwards, which they called *Crackowes*, resembling the " Devil's clawes, which were fastened to the knees with chains of " gold and silver." By subsequent sumptuary laws the " snowtes " and pikes" were limited to a particular length.

Write a letter to Todd, and the whole British nation
Shall eftsoons catch of *Cabbage*, the true acceptation ;
He'll record it in print, out of hand, aye and for it he
Will quote, as the cant is—" high legal authority;"*
While your fame by this bright *coup de plume* you'll
ensconce on
The undying renown of the mighty SAM. JOHNSON ;
And altho' you're the *Crack* now—long may you con-
tinue it ;
In the ball or the battle, the march or the minuet ;

- In the opinion of compilers of Dictionaries, (a kind of literary drill Serjeants, who marshal the heavy battalia of words for the service of authors,) any outrage upon quantity or grammar, or the introduction of any phrase, however barbarous, is not only extenuated but justified, if ushered into use by some grave personage, entitled to be looked upon as a "high legal authority" by the investiture of a silk Gown and full bottomed Wig. Of this, the note to the substantive *record* in Walker's Dictionary forms a striking example.

Crowned with spoils, thro' Time's vista your name stands
revealed,

Of the Schools, well as those of Ridotto and Field ;
And M-NN-RS, and A-G-LL, and *Cabbage*, in short will
Form a trine in the sphere of our language immortal.

This cover encloses, don't fail to remark,
An Auction bill fragment, picked up in the Park ;
Such things are thought trite, but, faith, this is a posy,
That must tickle the taste of all true *Virtuosi*,
And there could not be more competition or clamour,
Had the British Museum been brought to the hammer !
What a pity 'tis torn—it contained every tool,
Deemed fit for a V—R—Y, or “ *Lord of Misrule* ;”*
All the Papists are praying, (this change in the State
Raised the glass of their hopes, far above temper-ate)
That each V—R K—G henceforth—a political isthmus
‘Twixt these Isles—may act *Lord of Misrule* but at
Christmas.

* “ At Christmasse there was in the Kinges House, wheresoever he was lodged, a Lorde of Misrule.”—Srowne

FRAGMENT

*Alluded to in the preceding Letter.**

As I'm leaving off trade, I here offer for cant,
A few lots of choice articles—buy ye who want.
Would ye have a cheap pennyworth, now is your tin
And here is my catalogue trick'd out in rhyme;
Ne'er before has this country beheld such a sale,
And posterity hardly will credit the tale.
Lot the first—(such an article ne'er was supplied,)
Of Vice r-g-l œconomy thoroughly tried,
And warranted equal to any occasion,
In weight just enough to supply the whole nation!
Lot the second—a sample of choice Orange toasts,
Their equal not famed Skinner's-alley's self boasts,

* Supposed to be part of a Catalogue of an Auction of farmin^g stock, china, delph, &c. &c. lately offered for sale in Dublin.

"They'll serve for port, whiskey, or claret, or beer,
I'll sell them dog cheap, though they cost me full dear !
Lot the third—the remains of a great many dinners,
That never were given to saints or to sinners !
Lot the fourth—I must sell, so severe my distress is,
A small lot of parchment, that once was addresses,
Now cut into lengths, I shall be much amazed,
If as measures they beat not the measures they praised :
Lot the fifth—I now offer to such as are craving,
A manuscript work called "The whole Art of Saving,"
A book, of my life and my office the pride,
And all its experiments thoroughly tried,
With the cost of their volumes most sellers importune,
But I boast of this work, that it saved me a fortune !
Lot the sixth—which obtained me a bitter reproof,
Party spirit a pint, very much above proof.
Lot the seventh—(but small) the regrets of the nation,
I received, on retiring, from some Corporation.
Lot the eighth—its companion, and in the same case,
(Still smaller) the good which I did when in place.

30

Lot the ninth—the *regalia*, the tools of my trade;
A pitchfork for dung, and a hoe, and a spade.
Lot the tenth—a receipt to eat all the year round,
The beef of the Castle at two-pence per pound,
A ditto which teaches to bear off a plum,
When retiring from Ireland (a pretty round sum.)
Lot the eleventh * ♀ * * *

Here the MS. unfortunately terminates, having apparently been torn in two.

LETTER III.

FROM THE RT. HON. R-B—T P—L, TO THE MOST NOBLE
THE M—Q—S W—LL—Y.

Downing-street, March the 1st, 1822.

My Lord,

Tho' I've but read by snatches,
Your pithy packet of despatches;
One passage, in the first page, seizes
Upon my *thurible** of praises,
And bide it waft its flattering incense,
In admiration of the keen sense

* *Thurible*, the vessel which holds the frankincense for Church service.

Of him—of magistrates the star !

Chief *Cadi* in fair Mullingar,

T' whom Solomon scarce can hold a candle ;

My confreres swear he's caught my mantle !

The passage ranneth thus—I quote it,

Tolidem verbis, as you wrote it:

*With respect to Westmeath, the Chief Magistrate of Police, (Major O'Donoughue) has stated, THE REVIVAL OF THOSE PARTY FEUDS, AND PERSONAL CONFLICTS, in the neighbourhood of Mullingar, WHICH ARE CONSIDERED, IN THIS COUNTRY, TO BE INDICATIONS of the return OF PUBLIC TRANQUILLITY, and from which the Magistrate expects the detection of past offences against the State !!!**

Thus we have got for crisis critical,

From him, a kind of guage political,

By which State Almanacks may keep

Sedition's spring-tide, or its neap !

True—when in Ireland all is still,

O'er bog, and common, plain and hill,

* Despatches of the M—q—s W—ll—y, to his Majesty's Government on the state of Ireland.

Such times—miscalled, of peace and quiet,
Are the fierce fever days of riot !
Some perverse state of soil or air
Makes matters change their nature there !
But when, thro' every *Kraal* and Town,
Each neighbour knocks his crony down ;
When O and Mac, (almost his brother)
Agree to pistol one another ;
When fist meets fist, and cudgels thrum
On sculls, like drum-sticks upon drum ;
I and the *Cadi* deem that these
Are the true halcyon hours of peace !

Therefore, my Lord, we think it fitting
At the next Privy Council-sitting,
That you propose a grand *Plantation*,
To tranquillize your native nation.
Plantation's an old scheme, you know,
Used two whole centuries ago,

When JAMES—to act as Wards and Watchmen,
 Planted the Ulster lands with Scotchmen ;*
 First, wisely, hanging the proprietors,
 As damned incorrigible rioters ;
 For he, dull Man ! had not sagacity ,
 To feel that peace lies in pugnacity !
 NELL CROMWELL, for *Plantation*, then,
 The land, by counties, cleared—of men ;
 To his Lieutenant, without rath, wrote :
 (NELL was a most impartial Cut-throat ;)
 “ Despatch the fearful and the froward ;
 “ Shoot those who fight, but hang the coward ;

* The system adopted for the settlement of Ireland, as it was called, was that of allotting the escheated lands to persons styled *Undertakers*, who were to colonize them with English and inland Scottish Tenants. This was termed *Plantation*.

Sir John Davies bestows great praise upon King James, for that “ he did not *utterly* exclude the Irish from this Plantation, with a purpose to root them out,” and thus appeals, for the morality of the measure, to the Gospel. *Omnis Plantatio quam non plantavit Pater meus eradicabitur.*

“ Mulct them with *Livery, Coigne*,* and *Bonaght* ;†
 “ Let those who 'scape choose HELL or CON-
 NAUGHT.”

Sly wag, he deemed this was to them a
 Truly difficult dilemma !
 In fine, read WARE—whoever has him,
 Will find *Plantation* projects *passim* ;
 But our *Plantation* projects ne'er
 Accord with PYNNAR nor with WARE,
 For tho', of course, we speak of acres,
 We have no need of *Undertakers* ;
 Yet, did not cotton wool, when spun, stir
 The Undertaker's trade in Munster ;

* But the most wicked and mischeevous custome of all others, was that of *Coigne* and *Livery*, often before mentioned ; which consisted in taking of *Mansmeate, Horsemeate* and *Money*, of all the inhabitants of the Countrey, at the will and pleasure of the soldier, who, as the phrase of Scripture is, *Did eat up the people as it were Bread.*—“ Discoverie of the true causes “ why Ireland was never subdued.”

† *Bonaght*, a tax laid on the people, to pay the soldiers.

Might tempt, in money-making zeal,
 A *Cadet* son, e'en of Bos P---L;
 For the potatoes help the Pats
 To such large litters of wild-brats,
 That legal rope, or loyal steel,
 Ne'er lack—like Pat himself, a meal;
 And, tho' no bread we give, we'll grant him
 A clean deal chest, at least to plant him!
 And Dad might add to his enfeoffings,
 The contract for all culprits' coffins.
 In this department no mean thrifit is;
 We shoot by scores, and hang by fifties!

Truce with digression—of *Plantation*;
 The *projet* I've in contemplation
 Is, that, at public cost, each Townland
 Shall plant some acres—call it *Crown Land*,
 With oaks, to keep the Rebel rabble in
 A full supply of sturdy sapling;

Trust me, thus armed, pugnacious Pat will
Close every day's work with a battle !
But, lest his zest for fighting fail,
Premiums, in graduated scale,
We'll give for each bone-breaking stroke,
Dealt out by these same sprigs of oak ;
In this you could not think of offering,
For fracturing scull—less than a sovereign !
For breaking ribs—jaw-bones—or collars,
Pay Pat, *per bone*, about two dollars !
Just half that sum, I would propose,
For smashing teeth—or splitting nose !
And, as 'tis done by a weak thwack, I
Would give but ten-pence for a black eye !
In truth, throughout the Irish nation,
They'll be so common—next Gen'ration
Will—or 'twould give me much surprize,
Come into life, all with black eyes !

Here is my *projet*—shall I pause,
For the proud need of your applause ?
No. my good Lord, 'twas you that planned ;
My hints are all but second hand ;
The mighty merit yours, of gleaning
O'Donoughue's mysterious meaning ;
For he, profound Seer ! doth enfold
His sense, like th' oracles of old,
(Think not I dare to cast a stigma
On him) in mystified enigma :
And your despatches, solely, led up us
To his high purport—Noble OEdipus !

Plant, then, from Kilcock to Killeagh,
The isle, with stout slips of Shillela,
Of proper girth—that those who trudge hills,
Or trot bogs—may have store of cudgels ;
And, tho' hard pressed, upon the Salt Tax
We've made a free gift of the Malt Tax ;

For we've at last been brought to think,
" If we must govern, men must drink!"

POTTEEN and PAT then, hand in hand,
Shall raise a rare row through the Land,
Nor e'er shall sleep one sapling oaken,
While any scull remains unbroken!

AND, 'MIDST THIS HURTLING HAIL OF BLOWS,
IRELAND SHALL TASTE—PROFOUND REPOSE !!

While sins, committed 'gainst the state,
So far back e'en as *ninety eight* ;
You'll then detect, and prove, past doubt,
The sage old saw—" *When rogues fall out,*"
Good signs continue to encrease,
Of the great growth of this war-peace.

Two champions of the rebel host
At cuffs!—O'CONNEL and the Post.
May they continue to belabour
Each other, tho' 'twere but on paper!

LETTER IV.

FROM L—D N—RB—Y TO VIS—T S—DM—H.

Cabragh,

Dear Sid.

I'm very sure you're vex'd,
That I'm so negligent in writing ;
But, 'pon my soul, we're so perplex'd,
There's no time left us for inditing ;
Except indicting all the boys
Call'd White, who kick up so much noise,
That we're in daily dread of seeing
Our noble selves, instead of being

The great ones of this greater nation,
In a much humbler situation.
We're all on the *qui vive* to quell
Those ruffians who would dare rebel
Against our noble constitution,
Because they want the resolution
To suffer quietly a train of
Trifling ills that they complain of.

For instance now, the tythes and high rents
Imposed upon them by their "tyrants,"
(They call us tyrants here, Sid. too,)
With other small complaints, a few,
Such as Tythe Proctors and taxation,
Low wages and some slight starvation ;
And all these grievous wrongs, they say,
Must be redress'd without delay,
Or else they'll fight!—and to speak so,
Is quite rebellious, Sid. you know.

In fine, my friend, we're all in dread,
 So much so, that it might be said
 With the late sapient Sir BOYLE ROCHE,
 That, lest the Rebels should encroach,
 With foul intent, upon their betters,
 We are all obliged to write our letters,
 ('Tis fact, I swear, my worthy brother,)
 "Sword in one hand and gun in t' other."*

But now our *Special* lads have nick'd 'em,
 Tho' 'tis not easy to convict 'em ;
 However, we have hang'd some dozens ;
 'Mongst others, two of Rock's† first cousins.

* *Vide* a Letter from the above mentioned "learned Theban," addressed to a friend in England, during the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

+ It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers, that, Rock is the name assumed by the *General en Chef* of the Whiteboy forces in Ireland.

At last the raps have justice found,
 And Sid. had my advice been taken,
 The *swinish* rabble, I'll be bound,
 Had seen 'twas hard to save their bacon !
 Long since, I said we should be rueing
 That earlier we commenced not killing ;
 I knew that mischief must be *brewing*
 Where'er they carried on *distilling* !*

* The learned and facetious Judge here alludes to the distillation of the illicit whiskey, called *Potteen*, so highly appreciated by the Epicurean Bibbers throughout the island. The late General M---t-g---e M---th---w, whose love of *Potteen* was second only to his love of Ireland, pronouncing its eulogy in the H---e of C---m---s, gave the following testimony to its extensive use :—" The Tenantry drink it—I drink it—the " Rector drinks it—The Vicar General drinks it—the Arch- " bishop drinks it—the Lord Lieutenant drinks it—yes, and " the Ch---ll---r himself, is so enamoured of its tact and fla- " vor, and so convinced of its peculiar medicinal qualities, " (similar to those of Geneva) that he never retires to rest " without indulging in a potation of at least two tumblers of it." Sir W---ll---m St---er has since had the merit of introducing it to a more illustrious palate, by which, as he assures his friends, it is equally well relished.

You must allow, Sid. I am shrewd,
When dangers threaten to intrude.
'Tis folly then to say " God send
These troublous times come soon to end!"
No ! no ! I'll never " to my soul"
Attempt to " lay that flattering unction,"
But seize each *croppy* by the *poll*,
And, so *suspend* him in his function.
And soon, I hope, you'll have to tell
How resolutely and how well
I hang'd the traitor dogs contrary,
Of Galway, Cork, and Tipperary ;
For, certes when I mount the bench,
This rising flame at once I'll quench ;
And tho' at present Rock looks big,
Yet, if I try him, without fail,
When once at him I cock my wig,
Thereby, my friend, will *hang—a tail.*

That will, I think, be rather pleasant ;
 And, faith, Sir. they're so strong at present,
 We must use all our might to quell
 Those rascal Papists, who rebel.
 What think you ?—Ready, sir, for fight,
 They're arm'd with pikes of new invention,
 With which they exercise by night,
 Best suited to their *dark* intention.
 Says Rock, (the villain) “ I'm *detarmint*,
 “ At once to slaughter all the *varmint*,
 “ (That's, meaning such as you and I, Sir.)
 “ From A, B, C, D, to X, Y, Z,
 “ In alphabetical array ;
 “ So shout, boys ! shout !—hurra ! hurra !”
 So saying, sir, infuriate ran he,
 With bloody purpose, to *Kill-many* ;*

* The names of Towns in Ireland have frequently their commencement in *Kill*, which signifies *Church*; and what here affords his Lordship a pun, is said to have created a droll *misunderstanding* between an Irish Peasant and a Scotch Sentinel.

And, I suppose, thatfeat once o'er,
 He'll march on after to *Kill-more*.
 But, while such deeds our papers fill,
 I think that I should not repine,
 Tho' other people's friends they kill,
 If they're not going to *Kill-mine*.
 They seize each gun they can lay hand on,
 In Mallow, Skibbereen and Bandon ;
 Rising to fall on us in Cloyne,
 Our powers and places to annul ;
 They've drawn the Cork people to join,
 And now are making head in *Skull*.*

the following dialogue having taken place:—"Who goes there?"—"It's me." "Who are you? where do you come from?"—"I'm come from *Kill-many*." "Where are you going?"—"I'm going to *Kill-more*." "I'm d---n'd if I let you, though," cried the Sentinel, and accordingly seized and introduced him to the Guard-house.

* *Skull*, a village in the south of Ireland, mentioned in Lord W----l----y's despatches.

You see we're in a dreadful way
In *this here country*, as you say.
Heav'n grant it may not be your case,
To have such *weak* in *that there place*!
But should you ever such dilemma see,
As the *Rads* striving for supremacy,
'Twere well a batch of *Pats* to borrow,
From M——N's fields of Connemara;
I'm sure 'twould just be to their mind,
To pay the English back, *in kind*,
What they, with loyalty elate,
Enacted here in *Ninety Eight*—
But halt!—In faith, I fear, almost,
I'm reckoning on without my host;
My hopes before my judgment ran;
Talking of *Bulls*, I made a *blunder*;
'Twere vain to think of such a plan,
For *Pats* could never keep *Bulls* under.

My pen——would Southey's were so blest,
Go, like CID HAMET's quill, to rest ;
Tho' not—(so tuneless are my numbers,)
With equal fame upon thy slumbers.

Adieu, SID. I am tired, and you,
I doubt not, are *fatigued*, too;
Expect, when next I write a letter, a
Better one, from

Yours, et cetera.

LETTER V.

RULES FOR AN ANTI-CATHOLIC SPEECH,

Dropped, from the pocket of a Noble Lord, in Parliament-street, London, to whom it had been addressed, by a Distinguished Personage in Ireland.

Dear Tom.

I am told you've a terrible itch
To let fly a fierce anti-Catholic speech ;
But before you determine with logic to bore 'em,
And level your head 'gainst this *pons asinorum*,
Although from your youth you've been bred to the
schools,
I beg you'll consider the following rules.

In a question so grave, the stale matter to dish up,
 There's no one so good as a Judge or a Bishop;
 Their robes and their big wigs add grace to their
 prating;
 And are taken for arguments sound in debating.
 But since, by the force of a destiny wayward,
 Dear Tom, it so happens, you're only a lay lord,
 And cannot on props adsititious be leaning,
 Compose all your face to a solemn no-meaning:
 Look grave, sad, and learned; perhaps you'll look
 dull:
 No matter,—for nothing's the go like a fool.
 With your phiz thus arranged to resemble an owl,
 Pitch your voice to a key 'twixt a snarl and a growl,
 And commence with an humbugging meek declara-
 tion,
 “That none are more friendly to just toleration;”
 Explain to the house that you “think it but fair
 “That the Papists be suffered to breathe the fresh air,

" To labour and fight for the good of the state,
" And *therefore*, 'tis right they have—something to eat.
" Yes, yes," you'll go on with a smile and a bow,
" This freedom of conscience to all I'll allow,
" But if to a seat you extend toleration,
" I vow and protest there's an end to the nation."

Next, (changing your tone) you'll proceed to observe
That all Catholics swear with a certain reserve,
Nor mind that the lie has been often refuted,
He who speaks but the truth will be surely non-suited—

Then assert, when they offer to George their allegiance,
They intend (the sly rogues) to the Pope their
obedience ;

And though PIUS and CASTLEREAGH pull both together,
And CAS and GONSALVI are birds of a feather,
There's no doubt if the Church should be kicked out
of Italy,

St. Peter's will fit in St. Paul's very prettily.

Next remark, that, whenever by weakness uncommon,
 We've graciously scattered our favours among 'em,
 At each new concession, the Catholic fellows,
 Have always become more perverse and rebellious,
 And thence you infer, that the more they enjoy
 The more they'll be likely the state to annoy.
 So that if they should ever be perfectly free,
 There's no doubt but they'll throw both our Isles in
 the sea !

Here closing this cogent appeal to futurity,
 You slide apropos to the head of " security ; "
 And then you're at home, for you're free to oppose
 Whatever the friends of the Papists propose,
 And, as upon 'Change, 'mongst the grave and the
 steady,
 'Tis a rule no security's like to the ready,
 Or, as amongst thieves, (an example ne'er fails)
 'Tis always averred that the dead tell no tales ;
 So, by way of security, tell them, i' fecks,
 Let us tie fast their hands, if we can't tie their necks.

Then, changing again, as in zeal your speech waxes,
Remark that the Radicals grumble at taxes,
While farmers, with pockets and faces forlorn,
Are making a fuss at the low price of corn,
And, therefore, 'tis likely the half starving nation,
Will justly be urged to a fresh irritation,
To find innovations on church matters made,
Till "No Popery" drives them more mad than no
trade.

Thus the Church will slip anchor beneath the fierce
gale,

And away from her crony, the state, must needs sail :
Religion keel upwards and stranded we'll find,
And the national morals, by G——, undermined.
But what's most to be dreaded, the Bishops and
Deans

Of the Catholic church, just like Billingsgate queans,
Will attack the meek Protestant Hierarchy's fees,
And get all their livings and lands by degrees ;

And though they could never do less for their money,
Nor more closely resemble the drones among honey,
And although in their sermons they could not talk
finer,

Nor make divine right by their preaching diviner,
Yet still you must own, like a plain spoken dealer,
That the Protestant parson 's a vast deal genteeler.

With these rules for your guide, my dear Tom, take
my word,
You'll make, if you try, no bad speech—for a Lord ;
And though you should fail of convincing the House,
You'll get lots of good *kudos* for lots of good *nous* !

LETTER VI.

FROM G-L-S D-X-N, ESQ. TO PEM—T-N R-DD, ESQ.

Club House, Kildare-street.

Dear R-DD,

We're, in one sense, 'tis owned,
Chevaliers de la Table ronde,
 Not ARTHUR's Knights—no, I and you,
 Are the "Round Table Knights"—of LOO;

MR. SEC----T----Y GO---LB----N'S GAME AT LOO.

From the West Briton.

In consequence of the appointment of Mr. G---lb---n to the office of S-c-t-y to the L-d L-t-t---t of I---l---d, a new writ for the election of a Member to represent the borough of West Loo in Parliament, was issued, and the election was fixed by the Mayor for Wednesday, the 13th ult. No opposition to the re-election of Mr. G---lb---n was anticipated, as he was supported by the

Deep read in every chance and rule,
 Old Graduates of Kildare-street School ;
 Not of the Free-school, huge and high house,*
 Which stands just *vis à vis* to my house ;
 And where they teach—I do not libel,
 Nothing without, or with the Bible !
 Where N—TH, each year, in tropes, beslabbers
 The holy bumble, and the jobbers ;
 While Dame L—T——E and C—T—ss S—L—S,
 Hail him—th' *Aurora Borealis* !

Patron and Corporation ; but, to the no small surprise of these parties, a rival candidate was announced in Mr. R—l—d St-ph-n—n. At the poll, twenty-three persons, chiefly non-residents, and not paying rates, but who are members of the Corporation, voted for Mr. G—lb—n ; forty-seven individuals, chiefly old inhabitants, and all paying rates, tendered their votes for Mr. St-ph-n—n. These were, however, all rejected by the returning officer, (the Mayor) who declared that the Right Hon. H—y G—lb—n was duly elected.

* House of the Education Society, Kildare-street.

Not such our School, I—I admit,
 Know more of Hoyle than Holy Writ!
 And, to be candid, Dear R-DD, faith you,
 Read Matthews oftener than Saint Matthew !
 In *Whist* and *Brag*, profound our knowledge ;
 The Cards our Book—the Club our College ;
 And there at Loo—a lucky Devil,
 Oft have I bid great “ *Pam be civil* ;”*
 Aye, and almost as oft, have found,
Pam the sole civil *Knave* around !
 Various, indeed, the modes of playing
 This Game—from system ever straying ;
 Each circle will invent a new one,
 And ev’n we differ ‘bout the true one.
 But whether “ *Pam*”—“ *Plain Loo*”—or “ *Take
Cards*, ”
 All deemed the strong should beat the weak Cards.

* Ev’n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o’erthrew,
 And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo.

And heretofore all seemed t' agree,
That one trump ne'er could conquer three.
I write to tell you these twin maxims
No longer can be held as axioms.
Both were *sans façon* broken through,
In HARRY G—LB—N's *Game at Loo*!
The May'r—as haps' at *Loo* not rarely,
Is charged with having *dealt* unfairly,
And with deciding for the wrong hand,
Putting the weak above the strong hand.
Jugglers of State can pack and sort cards;
Tis odds the Sec. held all the *Court** cards!
And, either by *fair* means or sinister,
The *Trumps* are mostly with the Minister!

The Game's yet in dispute—*sub lite*,
The Sec. retains the stakes—well might be

* *Court-Card*, a corruption of *Coat-Card*.

Applaud the state, yet sage old man,
 " Possession's nine-tenths of the Law,"
 They'll meet the point, with other men, ones,
 At the great " Jockey Club"—the C.....s.

Don't marvel—if, by Dodder's bonny brook,
 Temples to Peace we build at Donnybrook !
 And you'll yet see, as I'm a sinner,
 The " distanced horse" declared the winner ;*
 For we've, to rule the *Irish* Nation,
 Now got a fit administration.

* Races where the horse which last reaches the gaol is declared the winner, are not unfrequent in Ireland. In this case, the riders exchange horses, *pro tempore*, and each pushes that on which he is mounted to the utmost, in order to outstrip his own horse, which will thereby win the race for his owner. The advantage, supposed to be attained by this system, is, that the appeals, by whip and spur, to the energies of the animal are more frequent and forcible than they would have been, were the horse the property of the rider, and the race is, of course, contested with more desperation.

60

Our V—e—y, one of tried ability,
Deems our *Fair* fighting—true tranquillity !*
And our State Sec.—of his grave choosing,
Congenial Statesman ! wins by losing !

Were I to send this to a *Greek*,
No carrier *Pidgeon* would I seek ;
For him I ne'er should sconce the tax on
Letters,

Dear R-DD,

I'm yours,

G—s D-x-n.

* See the Extract from the Despatches of the M—q-W-ll—y, contained in Mr. P—l's Letter to his Lordsh page 32.

LETTER VII.

FROM W—T-R C-X, IN DUBLIN, TO P-T-R F-NN-R-Y,

IN LONDON..

You, Fin. who love to read Tom Moore,
(And read with pleasure, to be sure,)
Have often met with touching lines,
In which, he mournfully entwines
Poetic flowers, thro' tales of sadness,
Enough to drive a man to madness;

And when he speaks of " nights of mourning
 " And darkness" o'er the land returning,
 Not only are his words pathetic,
 But, one might think, they were prophetic,
 For, since those lines were first indited,
 Like our's, no land is so be-knighted.

When us, the K—g, God bless him, visited,
 Our extacies he so elicited,
 That he, amidst the noise and fuss,
 Got into extacies with us.
 And extacy with our good K——
 Is rather an uncommon thing.
 Therefore, with wish to show how much
 (His R—I condescension such)
 He thought of all the noise and clamor
 So grateful to his R-g-l ear,
 (Which, by the way, Sir W——n S^t-m—r
 Says he engrosses, very near.)

He join'd his loyal City's feast,
And, as a mark the very least
That he could give them of his favor,
For praise and ven'son of high flavour,
And cheers and wine, which, both were right good,
He saddled some of them with knighthood.

He follow'd here his usual way,
As much he raked and revell'd quite,
For, of the *night* he made the *day*,
And one, indeed, might almost say
That every *day* he made a *knight*.

Sans doute, it was not reason bid it,
For, inconsistently he did it,
And, truly, his sweet contrariety
Gives us delectable variety :

To day, for instance, making some
Most gallant Knights of City *scum*,

Tomorrow, doth the S—v'r—gn please
 To make a Knight gallant of L—s:^{*}
 Here you'll admire the power surprising,
 Of Time, in revolutionizing
 Opinions that have long withstood,
 Like Dutch dykes, his o'erwhelming flood:
 And this strange fact (which G——n, mayhap,
 Intends should set the world agape)
 Shall be disclosed, in Hist'ry's page,
 Eventful;—that the nineteenth age
 Deem'd it an honorable boast.
 To have been dubb'd, Knight—of the Post.
 But, though our K—— his honoring blade
 On Civic shoulders largely laid,
 Do not surmise from this, the while,
 That *Orange* only shared his smile,
 For truly 'tis recorded seen,
 He, the same favor stamp'd on G---n,[†]

* Secretary to the Post Office.

† S-r J-n-s G---n, Re—rd—r of D-bl-n.

And so far stretched his Knighting plan,
 As e'en to dub a *Ribbon-man* !*

T-LB-T from V—E R—L—TY driv'n,
 Gives W—LL—LEY room, in imitation
 Of such examples, sagely given,
 To dub, with noble emulation :

And, sooth to say, he used the sword
 So wisely in his new capacity,
 One might suspect, tho' but a Lord,
 He's bless'd, *almost*, with K—G's sagacity ;
 Perhaps, of this you wish a sample,
 So, as the French say, *par exemple*.

T-LB-T, one day, the story ran,
 Was present, when that mighty man,

* Sir G—ge Wh—f—d, a Ribbonman, not, however, coming within the range of the Insurrection Act—innocently, though extensively practising ribbonism, not by the *oath*, but by the *yard*.

The mighty Mayor of mighty Dublin,
 In wine-flush'd hour itch'd to be troubling
 His fellow cits of Popish faith,
 Of whom he wished the State well ridden,
 With toasts, the cause of blood and seethe,
 And strictly by the K— forbidden,
 Which, notwithstanding, without tremor he
 Gave boldly out “THE IMMORTAL MEMORY!”*
 When T-LB-T heard the toast pernicious,
 He check'd it not, but drank about,
 And, slighting thus his S-v—SN's wishes,
 Lost, to his grief, the loaves and fishes,
 By being *tout de suite*—turn'd out!

* The watch word of the Orange Faction in Ireland, periodically given, in the shape of Toast, to insult the Roman Catholic population; it runs thus: “The Glorious, Pious and “immortal Memory of our great and good deliverer, King “William the Third, who saved us from Popery, Slavery, “Brass Money and Wooden Shoes.”

But now the wonder comes to light—
The Orange Mayor is made a Knight !!!
Oh ! W—LL—LEY ! —V—CE—Y how clear sighted !
Thy act, what justice doth appear in it :
The man that gave the toast, thou'st Knighted,
Tho' T—LB—T march'd for only hearing it !
Oh ! W—LL—LEY what the d—l blinded you,
Or was it *gratitude* reminded you ?
That, 'stead of withering—as he ought,
'Neath the K—e's frown as fitting penance, he
Should carry honor for a fault,
That help'd *you* to the L—D L—T—NTCY ?
Perhaps it was—of all our state full
Of noble Lords, there's none more grateful,
With this conviction we're so fill'd,
We look to court for sunny weather,
And cheerfully, *on credit*, build
Both Carriages and Hopes together.

High minded man ; our Isle can shew,
No mind more vigorous—and tho'
Descending age's steep declivity,
He still retains his youth's activity.

In measures firm—how would it charm me
To see him have a standing army
At his sole nod—but vainly I
To eulogize his merits try,
When great SIR GLORY—manners mended,
Whom Billy Cobbett dares to mock at,
To the seventh heaven of Praise ascended
On Panegyrical sky-rocket,
A height, beyond most English soul
Plethoric—(for rhyme's sake say *Pleth-oric*)
And Sun flowers there, and laurels stole,
And with some flaunting flow'rs of rhetoric
He mix'd them gaily up—the nice boy,
Into a wreath for our good V-CE-Y.

But truce—I've done—we should not bore a
Friend, though flow'rs the theme, or Flora;
And, though you love the pink or rose gay,
You like not poppies in a nosegay;
So, *au revoir*, dear Jack—adieu,
As ever,

Je suis, tout à vous.

SIR H—C—T L—s,

Pourtrayed, by anticipation, by honest old SKELTO

He wotteth never what,
Nor whereof he speaketh ;
He cryeth, and he creketh,
He pryeth, and he peketh,
He chides, and he chatters,
He prates, and he patters,
He clytters, and he clatters,
He meddles, and he smatters,
He gloses, and he flatters,
Or, if he speak plain,
Then he lacketh brain !

A CATALOGUE OF
DUSTS.*

What a rich range in bronze of busts
Our age could furnish—subjects, *Dusts*.
Glance o'er this catalogue and here you'll
Detect some *Dusts* we style imperial;
Such as have figured or were bred in
Proud London, Dublin, or Dunedin.

* The word *Dust* is, as Lord Chesterfield says of *unwell*, mere Irish, its import may not, therefore, be understood by all the inhabitants of the British Metropolis, and the Writer feels that he does not hold a pen sufficiently graphic to define those delicate shades of character, so common, and yet so various, which, whilst they render the fraternity of *Dusts* the most extensive on the habitable globe, bestow on each member a

By courtesy as well as law
 A royal *Dust* must take the *pas*,
 Who, as Prince, Bishop, Lover, Fighter,
 Blends helmet, myrtle, crown, and mitre.
 True if not to *one* wench, to *one* kirk,
 Hight Osnabruck he marched to Dunkirk,
 As General—to unfurl his pennons,
 As Bishop—to direct his canons,
 As Prince—to please his royal parent,
 As Lover—to enact knight errant,
 Of England's force—as eldest son,
 To make the frog-fed Frenchmen run;
 And run, he questionless did make 'em;
 They legged it hard—to overtake him!

species of individuality, as Spurzheim expresses it, that mark him as perfectly original in his own department of *Dusts*. The epithet will probably be forthwith naturalized to the Language, its value is proved by the non-existence of any synonym; and we must refer the reader, for its interpretation to the accompanying illustrations.

Oh! the rich tale of LAIS CL—KE,
 When the Prince Bishop played the spark,
 Then pledged—all anxious to convince,
 His sacred word, as Priest and Prince,
 And set incontinent—'twas clever,
 The public doubts at rest for ever.

Modest Bob P—L has long by right held
 The premier place 'mongst *Dusts un-titled*;
 The true receipt to raise a riot
 He used to keep Tipp'rary quiet:
 Outfitting from the Castle armoury
 Some ragged regiments of *Gens d'armerie*;
 And each mail brings a fight at present
 Betwixt the Peeler* and the Peasant.
 'Tis now in his grave contemplation,
 To spread his Peelers o'er the nation.

* *Peelers*, a name given in Ireland to the Police created by the Peace Preservation Act. The etymology of the word is obvious.

Thro' Ireland then what glorious rattle,

She'll be all one big field of battle!

T' which Moskva's fight will be a mock fight,

And Waterloo's day a mere cock fight!

If he succeed, none e'er felt prouder;

He'll then—quench *Aetna* with gunpowder!!

Petersham's red beard and his bat,

Red horse, red whiskers, and all that,

Dub him, amid our group of busts,

The *Kaloskagathos* of Dusts!

Major O'BL——ER* of the Lancers

Is a prime *Dust* amongst draw-can-sirs!

* The Major, who it appears, is also a Brevet Maj. Gen. and who expects to inherit his brother's Christian name, with his Title and Estate, rejoiceth not, as we have lately discovered, in the name of O'Bl——r, the true termination being in L, (O'Bl——ll) neither is the prefixed O, a Milesian adjunct, but the initial letter of his Baptismal name Ov-t——n. Our mistake originally proceeded from a misprint in the Army List.

For he, heraldically wise,
 Swears when his brother, Sir John, dies;
 That he'll—(oh genealogic wonder!)
 Himself become Sir John O'BL——ER!
 Pythagoreans must suppose his
 A nominal Metempsychosis!!

The Ex-Att——y G——l, SA——R-N,
 Stands high of Dublin *Dusts* the Corps in.
 In his first love fit jeered and jilted;
 Behold him sabre-girt and belted,
 Forsaking *Paphos* for a nigher land,
 Fall desp'rately in love with Ireland.
 As Commandant of the Law legion,
 See him, all anxious for engaging,
 Brandish the sword and couch the lance,
En guerrier to forbid the banns

Of union, 'twixt this Isle and Britain,
Brought by the vile match-maker Pitt on.
To his bold troop—the foe at distance,
He preached “the virtue of resistance.”
Eheu! that Fate should grant no battle,
To prove—the swiftness of their cattle.
Had such occurred, ten out of twelve
Had distanced D—N—s Br—ne himself!
The stupid *Fabian system* shunning,
Bold D—N—s won the day by running,
And from Killala, as 'tis known,
Made but one heat of it to Athlone!
Presence of mind, the Swede's mad king
In peril deemed the primest thing;
D—N—s dissents, on Connaught's sod he
Preferr'd the *absence of the body*.

As *Dust D—k M—rt—n* few excel;
 Sir *Fr—der—k F—d's* a *non pareil*;

Sir *G—r—d N—l* is a rare one;
 We're not much puzzled for a fair one:
 Puffing her charities and routs
 Makes a *fair Dust* of Mrs. *C—tts*;

Spain's *jupe-embroidering king—Heav'n aid*
 him,
 Was erst a *Dust—the Cortes laid him*.

Passing the royal *Dust of Arragon*,
 There's *Romeo C—tes*,—faith he's a paragon!

Shew me than *H—nt*, as *Dust*, a vaster piece;
 Irish Tom *Ell—s* is a *Master* piece;
B—rd—tt's a *Dust* too, in some small ways;
C—bb—t sometimes, and *C—tis* always.

Few rustics here ; did we convoke all
 The lesser *Dusts* whose fame is local ;
 Not the full phalanx of fat folios,
 Filled with *St. Tom. of Aquin's* oliois,
 Whose *tomes*, amounting to a score,
 Treat on all subjects—and some more,*
 Could, if a faithful hand adjust the roll,
 Contain a tythe of the rare muster roll !

* The Doctor Angelicus, as St. Thomas is styled, is said to have written a treatise “ *de omnibus rebus et de quibusdam aliis.* ”

FROM THE ITALIAN.

It was, in ancient times, the process,
 To hang up *Rogues* on highway *Crosses* ;
 'Tis, in our modern days, the vogue,
 To hang the Cross upon the Rogue.

IMPROPTU

OF L—D N-RB—Y, ON BEING INFORMED BY COMMISSIONER
R-RS-NB OF THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. D-LT-N (DAUGHTER
OF SIR J. ST-V—S-N) WITH THE EARL OF B-CT-V.E.

Com.—"Well, my Lord—by last mail, Mrs. D-LT-N,
I see,

"With L—D B-ct-v.E has knocked up a match—"

Lord N.—"Yes—St-v—s-N always was good at a
Glee,

"But the Daughter excels at a *Catch*!"

APOSTROPHE,

OF A HIGH PUBLIC OFFICER, TO A COLOSSAL REPRESENTATION
OF THE HUMAN HAND, UPON A DIRECTION POST
IN DUBLIN.

Could I, like him of yore, command
Promethean fire, to warm that hand,
And add tenacity and feeling ;
Then fix, thus vivified, the fist
Upon my sympathetic wrist,
Gods ! what a hand 'twould be—*for stealing.*

SONG,

ON THE GENERAL DISTRESS OF THE TIMES, FOUND IN
 THE HALL OF THE F—R C—RTS, DUBLIN, AND
 SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE
 R—T H—R-BLE L—D N-RB—Y, C—F
 J—E OF THE C—N PL—S.

Oh! the state of the Nation is sad,
 No hopes for its people remaining;
 We may fairly conclude things are bad,
 When e'en sometimes the K— is complaining:
 And the *Minister* must ring, at last,
 Doleful chimes from *St. Stephens's steeple*,
 When he finds that his *bills*, though they're pass'd,
 Are protested against by the people.

Rumtii idity, &c.

The Post Captain, lodging up stairs,
 When his Tailor appeals at the knocker,
 Looks out, from aloft, d—ns and swears,
 He has *not a shot left in the locker!*
 “The grape shot I love best,” he cries,
 “My port-hole no longer is swigging,
 “When I can’t pay for grog, d —n your eyes,
 “Do you think I can pay for my rigging?”

Rumti idity, &c.

The Doctor, prescribing our cure,
 Declares that he *bleeds* for the nation—
 And says, sinecure places, he’s sure,
 Should all undergo *amputation*.
 Some melted-down taxes, we hear,
 Might be tried, as a gentle *emulsion*,
 Lest the *spasms*, which at present appear,
 May finally come to *convulsion*.

Rumti idity, &c.

His follower, the mighty Apoth-
ecary, (the d—d name spoils my rhymes, sir,)
Is now 'gainst the Minister wrath,
And *compounds*, on account of bad times, sir.
Yet the K—'s opening speech did dilate,
While we've taxes and poor's-rates for *blisters*
On the flourishing hopes of the State—
“ But all is not gold, sir, that *glisters*.”

Rumti idity, &c.

The Barrister hopes, while he sighs,
That our present distress *brief* shall be, sir ;
The Parson for nothing has eyes,
Till the Minister helps him to *Ses*, sir.
And the Fund-lord, as long he's been used,
In the cradle of comfort still rocks, sir ;
But declares, if his int'rest's reduced,
The Premier should be put in the *Stocks*, sir.

Rumti idity, &c.

The Cobler, at *last*, in his stall,
Waxing wroth, cries, “ if matters don’t mend,
“ My life, after losing my *all*
“ Must close with a sorrowful *end*! ”
While the Auctioneer, making a clamour,
Vows, ‘till sinecures given to each Don, sir,
Are knock’d down by economy’s hammer,
All our hopes, so long *going*, are *gone*, sir.

Rumti idity, &c.

The veteran Soldiers now look,
To the matter with sorrowful seeming,
And swear that the last NAP they took,
Gives them plenty of leisure for *dreaming*.
Giant Trade dwindleth down to a dwarf,
Will Commerce’s tide ne’er flow back, sir ?
’Tis now on the *ebb* at the *wharf*,
And even the *coal trade* is *slack*, sir.

Rumti idity, &c.

The Pastry-cook only's the lad,
Who meets our complaints single-handed,
And *tartly* replies to each *Rad.*

That he always found Ministers *candid*.
But the rascal may well *puff* such tales,
Who no cause of complaint has to light on,
For the *Gingerbread* trade never fails
In the R—L P-v-L—N at Brighton !

Rumti idity, &c.

THE CHARADE.

ALLUDED TO IN LETTER I, AND ATTRIBUTED TO THE
PEN OF THE PRESENT C—F J—ST—E OF
THE K—G'S B—CH.

My first is the natural note of surprise,
When aught unexpected encounters the eyes ;
In my second an Irishman's known to delight,
And my third is the prize for which Emperors figl
Which, by Patriots envied, by Courtiers ador'd,
Draws Hawkesbury's quill, and Napoleon's sword
'Tis the secret and spring of political story—
He who wants it is Whig, he who has it is Tory ;

To acquire it, the Miser accumulates pelf,
And Burdett would grudge it to all—but himself;
Mankind all pursue it, ev'n women approve,
And, if Chancer be right, they prefer it to love.
Yet oft vain is the chace, oft cheerless the boast,
When comfort is distanced, and virtue is lost;
Oft the high mettled Statesman, who speeds like the
wind,
Though he runs down his game, leaves his peace far
behind;
And the prosperous wretch, in ambition's pursuit,
Amidst gaudiest blossoms finds bitterest fruit,
While the laurel-wove chaplet hides many a thorn,
To torture the brow which it seems to adorn.
But where is the end of this tedious tirade;
And what is the *tout* of my worthless charade?
My *tout* to describe—oh, these weak lines refuse,
And the theme overpowers a poor doggrel Muse.
Oh! it is not the charms of feature or face,
Nor is it the form that's moulded by grace,

Nor that love-witching look which the poet defies;
'Tis the soul from within beaming light through the eyes;
'Tis the intellect flashing from every glance;
'Tis the tact that can catch every thought in advance,
'Tis the wit without malice, the laugh without guile,
And the taste that plays round every soul-prompted smile;
'Tis the talent and feeling combined, which impart All the gifts of the mind, and the charms of the heart;
As playful as nature, as cultured as art;
'Tis the feminine worth which, in Scripture, we're told,
Is brighter than gems, and more precious than gold;
'Tis the feminine worth which that woman endears,
Whom virtue impels, and whom principle steers;
'Tis the union of all that gives value to life;
The companion, the friend, the child, Mother, and wife.

LEGENDS,

"OR LEARNED LENGTH AND THUNDERING SOUND."



THE FRANCHISES.*

" Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat
 " Democritus, quanquam non essent urbibus illis
 " Prætexta, & trabeæ, fasces, lectica, tribunal;
 " Quid si vidisset Prætorem in curribus altis
 " Extantem, & medio sublimem in pulvere circi
 " In tunica Jovis, & pictæ Sarrana ferentem
 " Ex humeris aulæa togæ."

Juvenal, Sat. X.

Great Muse of Epic Song, oh ! deign to hire
 To a poor wight, for some few *sous*, your lyre,
 Or pr'ythee say—fair Queen of *Fiddleresses*,
 What sum can win you to a Bard's caresses ;

* Riding the Franchises, or perambulating the bounds of the City of Dublin, is a ceremony of considerable antiquity, performed periodically, with great pomp. On the appointed day, the Lord Mayor, attended by the Recorder, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, traverses the

Mayhap you'd tell us, must the warbling ninnies
 To bire thy silver strings, bring golden guineas,
 Guineas are scarce, and difficult to buy,
 The Jews forestal them, and the discount's high,
 Bards deal in notes, though faith they're seldom
 taken,
 At least, in lieu of Mutton, Beef, or Bacon,
 Would Wisdom prompt Vansittart, Heav'n send
 her,
 To make of Poet's notes "a legal tender,"
 The race that swarms in this my native City,
 Is really so prolifically witty,

boundaries by a particular route, and a very imposing part of the ceremonial consists in throwing a dart from the low water mark, by which the extent of his Lordship's jurisdiction on what the Americans call the *sea-board*, is ascertained. The author pleads "*poetic licence*," in justification of certain deviations from historical accuracy, which those skilled in Municipal Heraldry may probably detect in his narration. He did not wish to subject his work to be nicknamed, like Addison's Campaign---a *Gazette in Verse*.

That it would prove----were all their scrips unfurled,
Far the most noted spot in all the world !
Hold ! an odd thought unto my mind ensues,
Methinks that people style thee Mistress Muse,
All must admit the epithet too coarse is,
For *mews* I take it, are but huts for horses,
So that perhaps the Dame, 'bout whom such fuss is,
May be but *Groomess* to the *Pegasusse*s.
Fair *Hostler* then, equip me with a Donkey ;
Forgive, should I address thee on a wrong key,
No mad-cap hunter, or no gold-plate racer,
But a sure-footed, cozy, ambling pacer,
That I may jog along, and make my comments,
And dread no danger in my absent moments,
For, oft while Poets' bodies load their horses,
Their souls are wandering at Pierus' sources,
Well mounted, to the Lord Mayor's farce I'll flaunt,
oh !
'Twill furnish field to center through a Canto !

And if the kit which HOMER scraped, of old,
 Be not to some itinerant fiddler sold ;
 Or, with the Bard, rapt to Olympus' summit,
 At Jove's ridotto, that the Greek might thrum it.
 The present age shall see, with marvelling eyes,
 A new and noble *Epopée* arise ;
 Ev'n I, who sung of Curius' wond'rous reign,*
 The blazing glories of his grand Campaign ;
 Told how the Roman legions of Lamp-lighters,
 Scorched the lithe trunks of Pyrrhus's brute-
 fighters,
 Now haste to give my full-fledged fancy wing,
 And chaunt the pageant of the Civic *King*.†
 When Titian's pencil thus, in true costume,
 Limn'd great Augustus—mighty Lord of Rome,
 Round his imperial brow the laurel wreath'd,
 While all the Cæsar on the Canvas breathed !

* See the succeeding Poem.

† The cognomen of the L-d M-y-x of Dublin.

Bade o'er his head the towering eagle sail,
And flap the slumbering air into a gale !
Will Hogarth, archly conn'd the grand design,
Satire's sly son he travestied each line,
Graved, on the metal sheet, a dumpling noddle,
Two gouty fetlocks, that bespoke a waddle,
The fabric lit with turtle-seeking eyes,
Hung the paunch beetling o'er the tottering thighs,
In sconee, capacity, and port, quite proper,
An Alderman sat sweating on the copper,
While a fat gander's lazy wings, outspread,
Paddled, in tides of ether, o'er his head !
But, to the theme—this prefatory *prosing*,
Though trick'd in *verse*, would set old Argus dozing.

Fast by that spot, where Civic *gourmands* dine,
And make each paunch a “sinking fund” of wine,

Where Venison's *fumet* stinks the spacious table,
 And hungering voices roar—a very Babel,
 Where sprightly wit ne'er enters, as a guest,
 To give the rank repast a pleasing zest ;
 Fast by that spot, where the bread-baking trade
 Muster the *flower* of all their *light* brigade ;
 Outbalanced by superior metal weight,
Loaves, well as *frigates*,* must submit to fate.
 Hard by a wall, where peep a horse and man, over
 A brazen block—the first Prince George of Hanover,
 “BE IT REMEMBERED,” soon as Sol ‘gan squint on
 The drowsy World, there shone tall Mr. Q—T—N.
 And, in his robes official, soon arrayed,
 He marches forth, to marshal the parade,
 With taper truncheon trembling in his hands,
 The prime drill-serjeant of the line he stands,

* The Macedonian, Guerrier, and Java---they were “weighed in the balance and found wanting.”

“ And, first,” he cries, “ bring here a lofty chair,
 “ On this great horse, to lift the greater Mayor,”
 Forthwith such graceful bound his Lordship made,
 oh !

You would have thought him tuter to Gambado.
 Two mounted lacqueys the long train precede,
 And each leads on an unencumbered steed ;
 For, well they guessed, so very vast the weight
 Of his high Lordship’s porpoise-paunch and pate,
 That, of this cavalcade, so grand and splendid,
 He’d tire three horses e’re the whole were ended.
 In Q—NT—N’s girdle were two pistols stuck,
 An ancient rapier served him for a tuck,
 Smug Sir GEO. W—F—D, graceful Sir Nic. B—DR,
 (Name most cacophonous, conjoined with *Lady* !)
 Came curveting upon a black and bay horse ;
 This was a cast dragoon and that a dray horse ;

Two footmen, riding, moved in front, to screen 'em,
And Mister Q—NT-N flugel'd right between 'em.

High, in the Lord Mayor's hand, there shone a
javelin—

Such as had never sung from Roman ravelin;
The common rabble, moving, two-and-two,
The line it points, with solemn step pursue.
'Twere fitting, here, to keep a sober pace,
The long meanders of the march to trace,
To note the many witty saws that flowed
From A-CH-R, bustling down the crowded road;
How his neat *jeu d'esprit* waked laughter's hum,
Likening St. Andrew's Round Church to a drum;
And then, with humour, sweet as sugar plum sticks.
St. Dan to drummer, and his cross to drum-sticks.
The playful joke he cracked upon the College,
That huge and hoary honeycomb of knowledge,

He said, the Laws—lest Churchmen should be jealous,
 Forbade them wives, and made them, thus, *odd*
 Fellows ;
 Pointed where Nelson's legs on granite sandals stick ;
 Pronounced his pillar model for a candlestick.
 Said that the Custom house surpassed its nonce,
 Helping th' Exchequer of *two* Kings at once !

Thus A-CH-R's jests beguiled the weary way,
 Keeping *ennui*'s blue devils all at bay,
 Till the *Cortege* the Charter School discerning,
 Changed the chit-chat to stirabout and learning.
 No wonder languor's Queen* should be deterred
 By him, whose weapons chace our foes and beard,†
 Whose *trenchant* falchions broach the vital floods,
 Whose sun-bright razors sparkle through the suds ;
 Great Cyclops he, who forges Wellesly's blade,
 And arms, with steel, the whisker-reaping trade.

* *Ennui*.

† The worthy Alderman is a Cutler by trade.

The sea scene was superb*—'tis now our time,
Dear Muse, to give a dash of the sublime.

High in the Heav'ns, the glorious god of day
Warms Earth with no intolerable ray ;
Cooled by the deep, the East-breeze breathing chill
Lifts the light mist that shrouds the distant hill,
Scatters its dusky plumage on the skies,
And bids the living Panorama rise !

Beyond the wave, in giant clusters piled,
Blue mountains swell, magnificently wild,
Or, locked in massive chains, ascending high,
Seem azure tap'stry, pendent from the sky,
In one wide curve, reflecting back the day,
Like a vast mirror shines the spacious bay,

* The Bay of Dublin, looking towards the romantic coast
Wicklow.

Studded with barks—anon, the view retires,
 Where Dublin rears her dim-discovered spires,
 Or marks where Howth, far-frowning 'mid the
 waves,
 Yawns through a thousand billow-beaten caves,
 Where the loud surge its thund'ring volume throws,
 And tortured Echo never finds repose !
 Above, the beacon-tower, which, through the night,
 Crests the steep cone-rock with its orb of light,
 Thence one vast void fatigues the straining eye,
 Till the horizon's ring weds sea and sky ;

Here, in his pomp, the proud Mayor takes his
 stand,
 On the broad plain of wave-imprinted sand ;
 Amazed, affrighted, at his grand array,
 The timid tide skulked silently away !
 In English annals we are gravely told,
 How CANUTE posed the parasite, of old,

Who wished to gull his Monarch with the notion,
That he could sway the swelling surge of ocean;
From the broad beach he bade the waves retire;
The rascal brine rose, impudently, higher,
And soon commencing o'er his toes to trickle,
Steeped his long legs, like shins of beef, in pickle.
Now had the courtier—addle-pated lout!
Led forth his master, *while the tide went out*,
The waves would have retreated, as he said it,
His King would gain some pride, and he some credit.

But now behold high Dublin's Lord prepare,
To launch his javelin through the realms of air;
Bent is his spine, his phiz affronts the skies;
The spring and action of each nerve he tries;
So the blind Fiddler, ere the jig begins,
Screws, of his crazy *kit*, the bracing pins,

Th' obedient bow across the *crowd** is thrown,
 To prove each string shall yield its proper tone.
 Lo! the long shaft, upraised, his Lordship shakes,
 'Neath his great toe the world's vast fabric quakes ;
 Crabs wink, aghast ! while waddling o'er the shore ;
 The wondering boatman, palsied, drops his oar ;
 Hot-headed Sol, his mid-day course pursuing,
 Reins in his steeds to gape at what was doing !
 Within his shell the periwinkle draws ;
 Shrimps halt, and Nature makes an awful pause !
 Anon, high hurling, with more dreadful shock
 Than Rome's *Balista*, when it cast the rock ;
 Resembling much, in *catapultic* manners,
Ajax, the doughty Greek—beloved of Tanners !†
 Of spears and mill-stones, a far-famed projector,
 Who wished to make a *Titan* of poor *Hector*.
 His Lordship gave a scientific twist,
 And tossed the dart with fulminating fist !

* A Fiddle.—*Hudibras.*

† “*Clypei Dominus Septemplicis.*”—Ovid, Lib. XIIIL

nose,

Ranged at right angles—lofty mountain re
The glowing light that flares upon its plain
Not a tobacco-pipe—but a volcano !

HERSCHEL—hawk-eyed astronomer, so sag
England's chief pimp for heavenly *espionag*
Thy telescope I'd want, the dart to follow,
Along the sea and sky, plain, height, and he
But must, whilst lacking that imperial spy
Make my report from Sir NED ST-NL-Y's e

First, then, the fleet-winged shaft pursued

Freed from those clogs, behold it swiftly skim
O'er airy oceans, where the planets swim ;
Amazed, appall'd, they scud on all sides from it ;
'Tis odds but they imagined it a comet !
Still its high course with headlong baste it run,
In the bright halo bathed that zones the sun ;
There it recoiled—but, had his Lordship given
Somewhat more impulse, 'twould have gashed the
heaven,
Transfixed Sol's chariot, on its grand high way,
And flooded half the sphere with endless day !

Now tumbling down the precipice it came,
And cooled in ambient air its barbs of flame !
Bold Mars himself, whom nought on earth could
shake,
Through shanks, flanks, center, quick begins to
quake,

And, setting off, full tilt, on wings of fear,
Flings back his shield, to guarantee his rear!
The gravitating shaft, innocuous, passed
Through the light liquid of the azure vast,
Piercing the fleecy bosom of the clouds,
Salutes the naked eye of wondering crowds,
And speeds, attraction-drawn, old earth to meet,
Six fall yards distant from his Lordship's feet!
Who hung on Q—NT—N's friendly arm, exhausted
With the vast effort, made when he had toss'd it!
His magisterial mouth wide oped, in form,
To fill his emptied air-pump with a storm !
While a fierce "Man of War," whose bearing
manly,
Pronounced him Marshal (not Field Marshal)
ST-NL-Y,
Made, with official twang, this Proclamation,
To fix his Lord's extended domination :

“ Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes! Oh, Yes!—hear, all ye
 fishes,
 “ By Nature destined for the civic dishes,
 “ Testaceous ye, who love the shelly cloisters,
 “ Crabs, Cockles, Cray-fish, Muscles, Lobsters,
 Oysters,
 “ And ye on oary fin, who lightly sweep
 “ That vast tureen of Eel-soup, styled, the Deep,
 “ Fit food for Sheriffs—too good for the Gods!
 “ Soals, Turbots, Sturgeons, Haddock, Hakes,
 and Cods;
 “ Hear, that, from hence, ye many-titled legions,
 “ Inhabiting the piscatory regions,
 “ Ye must divide your fealty and devotion
 “ 'Twixt Dublin's May'r and the grim God of
 Ocean.*

* *Divisum imperium cum Jove Caesar habet.*

“ Ambition, trending forth on eagle pinions,
 “ Connects the sea with K.-g’s Pill-lane dominions,
 “ Who wills to raise ye to the lofty station
 “ Of feeding into flesh the Corporation.”
 . . .

Mute were the fish—no Turbot oped his jaws,
 To give his meed of merited applause ;
 Moved to the beach no Gurnet politician,
 To make his loyal tender of submission !
 Wrinkling old Ocean’s phiz, the billows flow ;
 The watery waste seemed quite *in statu quo*.
 Still his ambitious Lordship seemed content,
 Cheered by the adage—“ Silence gives consent.”
 . . .

The act complete, he mounts the courser proud,
 The loud hurra ! pervades th’ admiring crowd ;

High o'er their heads the whirling hats arose ;
Far viewing folk might deem 'twas snowing crows !
The Cockle-chasing Nymphs, a beauteous train,
Sprung, from his work of death, th'affrighted Crane ;
The shapely Cormorant gazes wildly round her,
And drops the semi-masticated Flounder ;
On every side th' applauding shouts arise ;
Howth's bell-mouthed caves catch and return the
cries ;
The hoarse vibrations of Stentorian lungs,
Thunder anew from Echo's thousand tongues ;
Roar o'er the land, or murmur o'er the seas,
And lisp their gasping terrors on the breeze !

CURIUS REFUSING THE SAMNITES' GOLD,

*Theme proposed, some Years since, for a Prize Poem,
in the Dublin University.*

All hail, thou vast and venerable pile,
Pride of our Town, and glory of our Isle !
Since great Queen BESS to science first awoke us,
'Twas thine to prove, of Irish wit, the focus.
Hail to thy halls ! which Quizzes wax so fat in,
Lead lazy lives, and pay their shot with Latin ;
Where the rich draught of stout October mellows
The sturdy structure of dogmatic Fellows !

Twice have I swung the *bill-hook* of my lays,
From thy fair tree to lop a sprig of bays;
Its stubborn stem, so knotty and so stunted,
Repelled the stroke, and my sheer blade was blunted.
Piqued at the sight, the generous Muses swore
They'd whet its edge, and grant one trial more;
Even tho' by wave and waste I had essayed ill,
Floated with Moses* in his wicker cradle;
Or when your VICE profaner projects planned,
Had dogged a prating Greek o'er Attic land.
'Twas Night, and, dazzled by poetic dream,
My greedy eyes hung gloating on each theme;
I dared to hope my patroness, the Muse,
Would deign to point out which 'twere wise to
choose.

* Moses in the bulrushes, and Demosthenes contemplating the ruins of Athens, had been previously proposed as Themes for the Prize Poems.

The willing Nymph, obedient to my call,
 Rose, read, and roared, “ Zounds, boy, have at them
 all!”

Hold, Muse! where Alfred* gulls the Danish foeman,
 And frugal Curius* stamps himself the Roman:
That, by the dint of catgut twang and verses,
This, by his sneers at Samnites and *sesterces*:
 The meed of praise no modern tongue should speak;
Al. must lisp Latin—*Curius* growl in Greek,
 And I, to stock my brain's prolific fallow,
 Ne'er o'er the Scholiasts spent much “ midnight tallow.”
 “ Pshaw!” cried the Muse; “ What can be more
 sublime,
 “ Than lofty subjects garbed in English rhyme?

* Alfred reconnoitring the Danish Camp, in the disguise of a Harper, and Curius declining the Samnites' bribe, had been given as themes for the Greek and Latin Poems. A subject was also proposed for a Poem in English, which, however, proved too jejune for the lofty genius of the writer.

“ Even from the mark 'twill not have very far gone,
 “ I find your language such a glorious jargon ;
 “ On Greece and Rome committing rapes by dozens,
 “ That both these tongues must be its German
 cousins.”

Th' objection solved, sweet Maid, my qualms are
 done,

Submiss, I said, and having said, begun.

Three thousand times has Ceres' bounteous horn
 Bearded our plains with tawny-whiskered corn !
 As oft has Winter, with grim visage, surled,
 Peruked in snow the wig-block of the world !
 Since Pyrrhus led his Elephantine cattle
 To snort dread terrors on the Roman battle.
 Each giant brute his lithe proboscis shook,
 And Rome's best bullies to their heels betook :
 Then was the hour when doughty Curius came,
 Armed with the subtle elements of flame ;

Filled every brawny fist with blazing coil
Of hacked hemp, besmeared with mucid oil ;
Scared at the sight, the charging monsters reeled,
Tucked in their snouts, and scampered from the
field,
While Rome's fierce legions, following at their backs
Dealt, 'mongst the Greek *phalanges*, vengeful
thwacks ;
With one bold dash their serried masses sever,
And quenched the flambeau of their fame for ever !
Thus having smoked king Pyrrhus with his sham
lights,
The warrior travelled post, and threshed the Samnite
Bright rays of glory now his brows illume,
And thrice, in triumph, he paraded Rome,
Then wisely shunned the dangerous din of arms,
Content to till his own paternal farms.
'Neath his snug thatch his battered helmet hung,
And left the fields of fame—for fields of dung !

There, as the Roman chroniclers relate us,
The bold Bog-trotter raised his own potatoes.
He loved kail-cannon—some think it a sad dish ;
But most folks like the pungency of radish,
The golden carrot, and the parsnip pallid,
And all the roots we mingle in a sallad,
Sharp tongue-grass, lowly lettuce, shives so tall,
Hot, cold, or noisome, faith he reared them all.

One sunny day, while busy in his cottage,
Garb'd as a cook, *amalgamating* pottage,
Two Samnite Envoys to his view appeared,
In all the sleek solemnity of beard.
Historians fail to tell us what they said,
Suppose they shook, expressively, the head,
Produced their purses, glittering with the chink,
And added, then, a significant wink.
Twould seem that Curius quickly took the hint,
Preserved his sweet life, and despised the mint ;

Or, I should say, to please this punning nation,
Declined to use *mint sauce* with his collation.
While thus he spoke, 'tis as the story passes,
He looked cursed *mulish* at the Samnite *asses*.
“ Ho, knaves! dare ye trepan me into treason—
“ Zounds! do ye think I value not my weason?
“ Say, who would tend my pigstys, or my fallows,
“ Were I let fall, as pendulum to gallows;
“ Or, of what use the cash, if, for my sinning,
“ I by the Senate were decreed a swinging?
“ Grant me,” he cried, with voice, in doubt, tha
 faltered,
“ Plain lentil porridge, and a neck unhaltered.”
 Some say, I will not underrate the Roman,
His deeds stand higher in the eyes of no man,
That these same Samnites came on, as they'v
 learned,
A less important, tho' more *vital* errand,

To purchase up, from this eccentric plodder,
A winter stock of vegetable fodder.

(I'll disappoint the reader, tho' he pant here,
Nor use the pretty simile of the ant, here.)

The *Farmer-General* met them in a trice,
And asked (he swore) a moderate market price.
They wished to chaffer—with him 'twas a hard thing,
He wouldn't bate the sum, no, not a farthing ;
Till, waxing wroth, he called them sons of w——s,
And kicked the vexed forestallers out of doors.

Sooner your Provost* to the Popish Board
Shall send cool hundreds from his holy hoard,
To aid those factious fellows in their wishes,
Who dare to ask aloud, the loaves and fishes ;
Sooner his Rev'rence shall, from earth, when hurled,
Scape Euclid's vengeance in the nether world,
For having here so shamelessly maligned him,
Even tho' his libels lie unread behind him !

* Now B---p of L---k.

Sooner JACK BARRETT's chicken-feeding thumbs
 Shall cheat the hen-coop of its daily crumbs ;
 Sooner he'll fail to hear the bell's sweet summons,
 Or leave a *vacuum* in his bench at commons ;
 Or, sallying forth at noon, to take the air,
 Lounge in a lofty curricle and pair,
 Return a *graceful* bow to those that greet him,
 Or wear a coat to fashionably fit him ! •
 Sooner your school, in prosody profound,
 Shall give the Latin *I th'* Italian sound !
 Sooner your dull Vice Chancellor shall choose
 Themes fit for Bards, and worthy of the Muse,
 Than sneaking Curius, who, or I'm mistaken,
 Prized his dear country far less than his bacon,
 Shall keep his seat, through the rough hunt of time,
 Horsed on the grand Bucephalus of rhyme,
 Yell the death halloo of the flying game,
 Or leap in song the five-barred gate of Fame !

FINIS.





[REDACTED]





